THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE

NOV 19 1917
UNIV OF MICH.

NOTICE TO READER

When you finish reading this magazine place a 1-cent stamp on its notice, hand same to any postal employee and it will be forwarded in the hands of our soldiers or sailors at the front.

NO WRAPPING—NO ADDRESS

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EVEREADY DAYLO

The light that says "There it is!"

—when all other lights fail

STORM-TOSSED and battered, helpless in a raging sea, the crew unable to launch a boat—such was the plight of the freighter, Pio IX, on the night of December 5, 1916.

And here might come the tragic end of this story, but for Antonio Oliver, one of the crew. He remembered the *Eveready* DAYLO in his bunk; strapped it to his wrist and with ten of his comrades went overboard, clinging desperately to a ship's raft.

Gleaming like a lone star, the light from Oliver's *Eveready* DAYLO attracted the attention of the S. S. Buenos Aires. After several failures a boat was launched and help sent to the exhausted crew. Thus were the lives of eleven men saved by the light that did not fail—*Eveready* DAYLO.

There are times in everyone's life when a dependable pocket light is invaluable. Get your *Eveready* DAYLO to-day. Prices from 75 cents up. (In Canada, 85 cents up). Dealers everywhere.

AMERICAN EVER READY WORKS
of National Carbon Co. Long Island City
Canadian National Carbon Co., Ltd., Toronto

Chrislmas 1917 is a season for sensible giving and "sensible" suggests a gift both useful and inexpensive—Eveready DAYLO

when **the fuse blows and all lights go out**

when **the car stalls on a dark road and the trouble must be located**

when **uncanny scratching in an unused room awakes you**

when **someone rings your door-bell in the middle of the night**

when **a storm breaks at 2 A. M. and the windows must be closed**

when **it's too dark to see your way from the house to the garage**

when **a strange noise in the bushes near the porch alarms you**

when **the baby cries in the night.**

Don't ask for a "flashlight"—get an **Eveready DAYLO**

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Garden City, L. I.

The subscription rate is two dollars a year. Memberships in the Red Cross amounting to two dollars or more include subscription to the magazine. All profits from the magazine go to the Red Cross.

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Drawn for The Red Cross Magazine by Norman Price

SANTA CLAUS IN FRANCE, 1917

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The RED CROSS MAGAZINE

DECEMBER, 1917

A Christmas Message

THE War Council wishes, through THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE, to send Christmas greetings to the Red Cross members from the Atlantic to the Pacific, especially to the women of America, who have labored so faithfully and loyally in making surgical dressings, hospital garments and knitted articles by the million, thus giving relief and comfort to our soldiers and sailors at home and abroad, as well as to the suffering of the nations fighting with us. Notwithstanding the delays and difficulties inseparable from the sudden creation of a great organization of over four million members, they have through tireless energy accomplished almost unbelievable results.

The War Council is grateful for the opportunity at this Christmas season to express its deep and profound gratitude for this great service.

EX OFFICIO
WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT
ELIOT WADSWORTH

RED CROSS WAR COUNCIL
BY APPOINTMENT OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
HENRY P. DAVISON, CHAIRMAN
CHARLES D. NORTON
GRAYSON M. P. MURPHY
JOHN D. RYAN
CORNELIUS N. BLISS, JR.

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YOUR RED CROSS

The Great Red Cross Parade In New York—The Rosemary Pageant at Huntington, L. I.

A MAGNIFICENT TRIBUTE

PICTURE to yourself a great open lane about which cluster a mass of cheering humanity. Fluttering from standards every few feet are large banners bearing a cross in blood red on a white field, while high over the heads of the multitude from windows and from housetops, snapping and waving in a crisp breeze—their red cross standing out in marked contrast to the deep blue of the sky and billowy white clouds—are countless similar banners! Down the lane in long regular ranks, marching with precision, comes a mighty white-clad host. Wave upon wave, as far as the eye could reach, they surge forward much as the billows march upon a sandy soil. Impress this scene upon your imagination and you will have some idea of the magnificent spectacle New York witnessed when 20,000 or more Red Cross Workers marched down Fifth Avenue in one of the greatest and most patriotic demonstrations that has ever been known.

New York has had so many parades that the average citizen has perhaps grown a little *blasé*; but where was the man who did not feel a quickening beat of the pulse or a strange tightening of the throat as he watched the great Red Cross Parade and realized the part they played in modern warfare?

Headed by the War Council of the Red Cross and stepping out briskly to the lively strains of Sousa's Band from the Great Lakes Training Station, the procession was reviewed by officials representing the Army and Navy and by the Mayor of New York. Following the officials of the Red Cross came a veritable flood of white robed and white capped nurses. "A tidal wave of white caps" was the way one onlooker put it, but here and there the long lines of white were broken by more sombre colors. Fifteen hundred nurses, in their blue service uniforms and hats, with the flaming red lining of their capes throwing a vivid touch of color into the scene, came swinging along and when the spectators realized the significance of the business-like uniform and that these nurses in all likelihood would soon be serving somewhere in France, their enthusiasm was unbounded. All the surrounding chapters sent their quotas.

A detail of 125 men of the United States Army Ambulance Service, under command of Major Francis Metcalfe, marched from the training camp at Allentown, Pa., to parade.

All told, the parade was undoubtedly the greatest and most effective Red Cross demonstration that New York, or even the world for that, has ever seen; and as an object lesson as to what the women of the Nation can and are doing when their country calls, it speaks for itself.

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Photograph by Paul Thompson

T RED CROSS DEMONSTRATION

nches of Red Cross service, marched in the most impressive parade New
usand enthusiastic persons lined the sidewalks to view the procession

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THE PAGEANT'S THE THING

FOR one short afternoon, not long since, Joan of Arc, Columbus, Ivan the Terrible, King John, Dante, Lorenzo de Medici and countless other notables took leave of the pages of history and bent their efforts toward aiding the Red Cross. In the centre of a bowl formed by a grassy hillside, a festive multitude of spectators sat with a moat at their feet, in which swam graceful swans and, at times, more graceful mermaids. Before this audience, with the trees and the open waters of Long Island Sound for a background, the favorites of fame impersonated by the most prominent actors and actresses, enacted the most stirring episodes of their lives.

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The Rosemary National Red Cross Pageant, organized under the direction of Mr. Daniel Frohman, Mr. E. H. Sothern and Mr. Evan Evans, the Director of the Motion Picture Bureau of the American Red Cross, was divided into two parts. The first part portrayed the altar of the Genius of Enlightenment. Here, to lay their most precious gifts for the benefit of the World, came: Flanders, Italy, England and France.

Just as the Genius of Enlightenment was preparing to celebrate the fruits of these gifts in rhythmic dance, grim War rushed upon the stage and scattered them to the four winds of heaven.

"The Drawing of the Sword", by Thomas Wood Stevens —was a truly thrilling dramatization of the events leading up to the great war.

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In state, to judge the Nations, came Justice, Truth and Liberty. Serbia pleads her cause, which is held to be righteous. Then enter martyred Belgium, draped in black and followed by her sorrowing children. She pleads:

"I have forbidden the destroyer's way
And he hath trampled me,
I have defended for one fiery hour
The fortress gateway of my sister, France,
And for one hour held the black eagles back."

Straightway answers Liberty:

"And for that hour, the fiery hour of Liège,
The unborn future freedom of the world
Shall kiss thy sacred sword."

England and France leap to succor Belgium and Imperial Russia takes up the sword for Serbia. England calls to her aid Canada, Australia and India, and they answer right gladly. Japan throws in her lot with the Allies, followed by Italy, Portugal and Rumania. Next to the court, seeking Justice for their many wrongs, come Armenia and Poland.

At this moment Imperial Russia's serfs rise in revolt and overthrow him, and there rises in his place a young, bewildered republic seeking for enlightenment. The Nations groan in dismay when suddenly their laments are turned to rejoicing for out of the West, having heard the call of Liberty and Justice, comes America, with her untold legions, ready to aid in downing the black eagles for evermore.

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Photograph by Paul Thompson

THE RED CROSS PAGEANT

Before an audience seated on terraces on the sides of a semicircular hill, some of the most prominent actors and actresses in America enacted a pageant, which for beauty and execution of detail has rarely been surpassed. In this picture, Joan of Arc (Ina Claire) sees Charles VII. crowned King of France

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Vassar took a census of resources and acts through a War Service Committee. Wellesley despatched more than 8,000 surgical dressings to the Front. Smith College students contributed $2,400 and 1,300 hospital supplies to the Red Cross. Mt. Holyoke boasts of 64 Belgian "god-sons" and many adopted French war orphans. Barnard students have been feeding the children of a Belgian village. Bryn Mawr students carried on a twenty-acre vegetable garden, canning the products.

MARS INVADES THE CAMPUS

The College Women of the Nation Hasten to Take up War Work—Conservation of Food the Main Object, with Nursing, Surgical Dressings, Stenography, And Knitting Also Emphasized

BY

BURGES JOHNSON

YALE, a news item informs us, opens the college year with her numbers diminished by one thousand or more. Vassar starts out with a slight increase over last year, and this despite every effort to enforce the regulations limiting enrollment. Other colleges for women which impose no such limitation upon numbers report a greater growth.

The key is not hard to find. The great—the obvious—service that young men of college age may render is at the front. To train for that service they are called from the classroom. The services that young women may render are varied, none of them, unless it be nursing, at all obvious, and many of them unprecedented; all demand a training more exact and more disciplinary than life has heretofore provided our average girl. Desire to render such service is calling her to college rather than from it.

Prior to April, 1917, eleven hundred young women at Vassar, representing homes in every section of the Union, held varied opinions as to war in general, and our national relationship to this war in particular. And yet the prevailing attitude was one of belief in our national obligation, confidence that our ideals compelled participation, and at the same time generous readiness to give every point of view full expression.

Upon the entrance of this country into the war, the student body by unanimous vote subjected itself to a census of resources. Special training for every form of work that might be useful to the Government was recorded, and the college was able to place in the hands of any interested governmental department the tabulated resources of eleven hundred and more trained young women. At the same time, all of those regular student entertainments which were a drain upon time and money were voted out of existence, and the student funds thus saved were applied to the establishment of certain preparedness courses. With a clear realization that the nation's greatest demand upon women would not be for sensational and ostentatious forms of service, no time was given to military drill, sharpshooting and the like, or even to courses in nursing that would not be considered adequate by any military hospital. The special courses then determined upon were as follows: Household Economy, Motor Repair, Typewriting and Stenography, Bookkeeping, Cataloging and Filing, Practical Relief Visiting, Home Nursing, First Aid, and Surgical Dressings. These courses were faithfully attended by large groups of volunteers, with the understanding that they would serve as experiments to guide the college toward an intelligent course in the future so long as the war-time emergency should last. With the experiments of last year completed, it may be interesting to know what the students of Vassar have planned for war-time preparedness work during this present year.

All war activities of the college are to be controlled by a War Service Committee, with a student chairman, the President of the college being an honorary member. There are several sub-committees, one on preparedness courses, consisting of faculty and students, another on Red Cross, a third on the Collegiate Periodical League, a fourth on coöperation with the

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AMERICAN "FARMERETTES" FEED BELGIAN BABIES

Barnard students in their spare hours have been raising vegetables part of which has helped to feed the children of the village of Laër in Belgium

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household management of the college. Under the direction of this Committee volunteer students are already at work as waitresses or caring for grounds.

The Committee on Preparedness Courses has decided upon the following: (1) A course of Personal Hygiene, covering the physiology, sanitation, and allied subjects, prerequisite to certain Red Cross courses to follow in the second half of the year. (2) Shorthand and Typewriting. (3) Training for work having to do with aliens, as for instance, translation, censorship, investigation, etc. Such a course is open only to students who have some proficiency in a modern language. (4) Home Economics. The details of this course await the convenience of Mr. Hoover. The college dining rooms, handling food for units of one hundred or more, and the college farm of six hundred acres, with its model dairy and kitchen gardens, furnish a training school that will be utilized as effectively as possible, following the successful experiments last spring, when groups of students and groups of Poughkeepsie women received lectures and instruction from farmyard to table.

The time for these courses must be found outside of classroom work; in other words, students are sacrificing leisure, pleasure and recreation. In order that there may be no injury from over-zeal, the student's freedom of selection is limited in several ways. The Medical Department must give assurance that her health will not be jeopardized; the Academic Department must give assurance that her regular classroom work will not suffer; and an amount of time for recreation must be assured in any case.

I have endeavored to outline all this as briefly as possible. It should be of interest to the general reader in so far as it proves that the daily life in our women's colleges may be adjusted to meet some great national demand in time of emergency, without sacrificing the purposes for which they exist. Other colleges for women are working out the problem in parallel ways, and in the same spirit of enthusiasm and earnestness.

It is pleasant to recall the volunteer farmers, who met the shortage of farm labor by pledging their services throughout the summer, furnishing a practical test of value to various experts and data that is already widely considered. It took only a few days of labor to convince the head farmer that these young women were to be taken seriously, while his skepticism soon gave place to enthusiasm. They received a little less than standard hourly wages for farm labor, beginning usually at four o'clock in the morning, and worked daily until harvest time, plowing, tilling, planting, cultivating, drying and canning, with occasional interludes of dairy work. One comment which should become a part of the permanent record of this experiment was uttered in August when a "farmerette," on her way home from the fields, paused and glancing ruefully at an extended palm, said, "I did not raise this hand to be a blister." Several of these students were granted a week's leave of absence in October, to give a practical demonstration at the Agricultural and Industrial Exposition in Springfield, Mass.

The Intercollegiate Periodical League, which began with the activities of a single Vassar undergraduate, has already spread to colleges in every part of the country, and through a permanent office supplies literature in great quantities to our men in France.

In all of this outline I have not referred to specific Red Cross work and knitting. Knitting—why speak of it? It is everywhere. Doubtless figures are obtainable to indicate the quantities of socks and wristlets, chest protectors and other things that have been sent out, but such figures are perishable. This work is omnipresent. In most cases it seems to be subconscious, and will, I presume, steadily increase without affecting any other product.

The mobilization of a body of college girls has been done even more effectively at Wellesley. The scheme of preparedness, as described in the *Wellesley Alumnæ Quarterly*, was comprised under three heads, namely, (1) physical efficiency, (2) centralization of special work already organized, (3) plan of work for 1917-18, including emergency courses to be presented later. The first heading covers a consideration of student hours for regular work, special work, exercise, meals, reading, etc.; economy and wisdom in the selection of dress; diet, care of rooms, personal habits, civic (i. e., campus) pride, exercise and recreation. Special work refers to the centralization of Red Cross sewing and rolling of bandages; First Aid courses followed by Home Nursing; a Navy unit, with the suggestion that the college furnish necessary articles for one battleship; social service, namely, the providing of necessities for training camps, such as sewing kits, etc., and reading matter for camps, trenches and hospitals;

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TEACHING DOMESTIC SCIENCE TO THE NEIGHBORS

The Woman's College of Delaware not only provides courses in food conservation and domestic science for the students but also for the women of the neighborhood

also the study of problems of international peace and reconstruction. It was arranged that students and faculty should "enlist," pledging themselves to serve. This report upon Wellesley activities tabulates the amounts spent in war relief from 1914 through 1917, with a total of $9,649.57.

Some indication of the amount of Red Cross material prepared by the young women of our colleges is indicated in this Wellesley report. More than eight thousand dressings were sent in a single academic year through the New England Surgical Dressings Committee.

A report of the activities of Smith College students is obtainable in no such form, yet it is evident that the output of money and supplies from this largest of women's colleges must have been remarkable. Since the first year of the war, Smith students directed their war relief work through the agency of the Red Cross. During last year the students raised $2,400 for Red Cross work, and completed about thirteen hundred pieces of various kinds, including towels, sheets, pillow cases, slings, etc. Seven hundred students were members of Red Cross classes in Home Nursing, Dietetics, First Aid, and Surgical Dressings, and four hundred and fifty took the course in Home Nursing. Here, too, Junior Promenade and other expensive social events were sacrificed.

Mount Holyoke's testimony but reinforces these records of enthusiasm and devotion, with a steadily increasing measure of personal sacrifice. The plans for courses in preparedness are outlined in detail, as at Wellesley and Vassar, and so arranged that students may assume these new burdens with a maximum of benefit and a minimum of injury to the regular college work and personal well-being. There is perhaps more emphasis upon gardening work here than in the colleges referred to above.

It is an embarrassment for one whose chief interest centres upon one college campus to know how to end this record and leave with the reader a realization of the fine spirit manifesting itself increasingly throughout all these colleges for women. Barnard students have been contributing to feed the children of the Belgian village of Laër. From their workshop in one of the laboratories they have sent three thousand surgical dressings to France. A group of Barnard students is receiving special training for nurses' aids at St. Luke's Hospital. Their location in the midst of a great city has given them varied opportunities for clerical work and Red Cross speaking, or to act as census clerks or sellers of Liberty Bonds. Barnard students and Alumnæ conducted an agricultural training camp at Mount Kisco which they consider one of their most notable contributions toward war service.

Local surroundings have determined to some extent the interests of different college groups, and it is satisfactory that this is so. While all have sewed and knitted, Wells College, for instance, found it expedient to take up gardening as a dominant war activity. The Women's College of Delaware first directed its attention to the equipment of the sailors on the battleship named for their own state, and they then found a way of being perhaps most practically useful in providing courses in food conservation, not only to members of their own student body, but to groups of women throughout the neighborhood, so that war work combined with community service has produced results that compare favorably with the accomplishments of much larger institutions. Lake Erie College directed her energies to the support of the local Red Cross, enrolling forty per cent. of her students in its service, in a brief campaign.

The work of Bryn Mawr parallels more closely that of Vassar and Wellesley, with authorized and carefully established preparedness courses; while during the summer volunteer students carried on the work of a twenty-acre vegetable garden near Westchester, with final canning of vegetables to be used by the college during this year.

This has been a hasty record of student activities. The contributions of the faculties are of wider variety. The story of our college teachers and the war would prove conclusively, if proof were any longer necessary, that the American college professor contributes increasingly to the public welfare, and more than ever in time of crisis.

As for the great body of women graduates, working as groups organized through the machinery of alumnæ associations, the record is a splendid one. The work of the Smith College relief unit in France, with its portable houses, mattresses, blankets, shoes, hand sewing machines, furniture, fruit trees and frying pans, is a story in itself. The organized work of the graduates of Wellesley and of Mount Holyoke, of Vassar, and of all the others, is a contribution to national strength at this time that I will not pretend to estimate.

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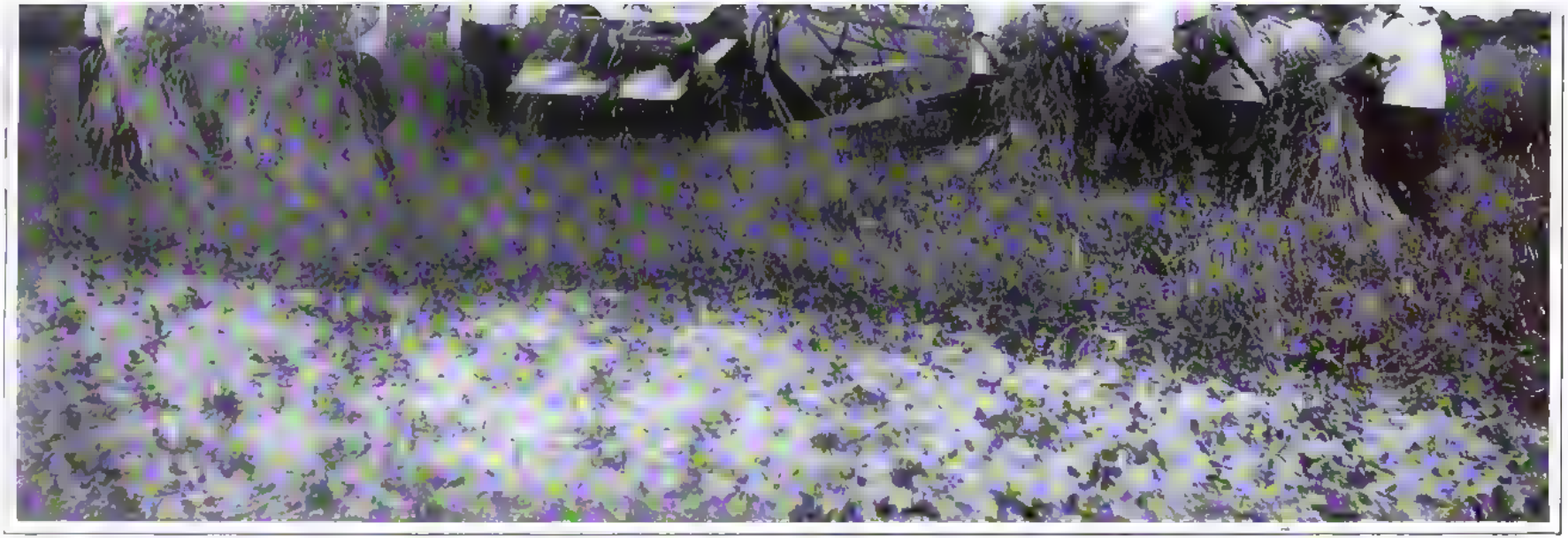

"I DID NOT RAISE THIS HAND TO BE A BLISTER"

was the way one Vassar girl viewed her work on a farm To ascertain how they could best aid the nation, the students of Vassar took a census of resources and appointed a War Service Committee to organize these resources

KING CARNIVAL JOINS THE RED CROSS

A Three Day Carnival Organized by Employees of a New Hampshire Textile Mill Raised More than $3,000 for the Red Cross

A VERITABLE FAIRYLAND

Batteries of flood and searchlights, hundreds of Japanese lanterns and colored lights served to turn the fair grounds, where the Amoskeag Textile Club held a three day carnival for the Manchester Branch of the Red Cross, into a veritable fairyland

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KING CARNIVAL'S REALM

Military drills, airplane flights, Punch and Judy shows, dancing pavilions, refreshment booths—all that go to make up the paraphernalia of a successful county fair and a source of enjoyment to both young and old—none were lacking at the fair

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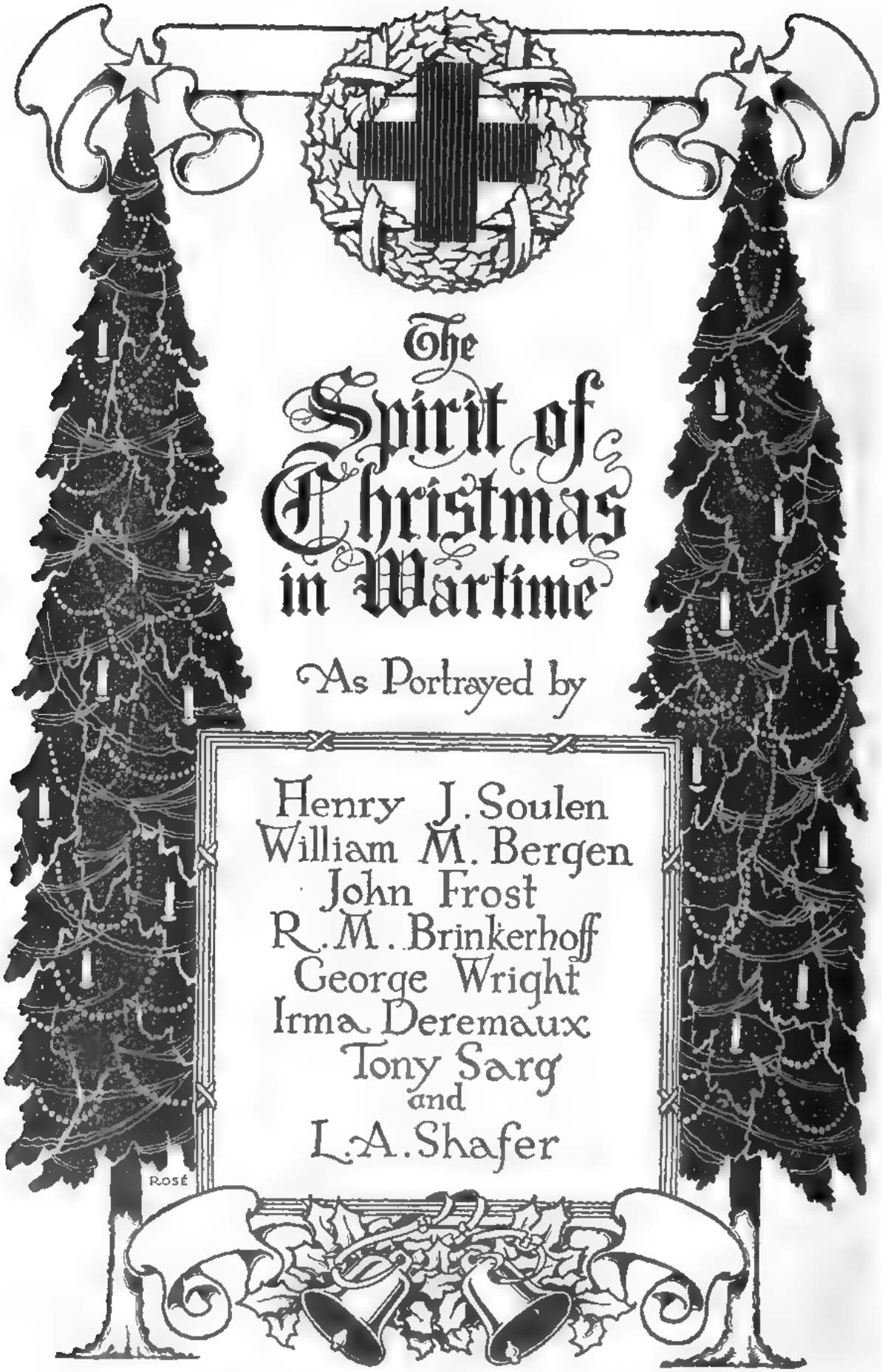

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THE BOX FROM HOME

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THE UNEXPECTED FURLOUGH

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GOING HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

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"SANTA CLAUS" FILLS THE "STOCKINGS"

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NO BETTER MEDICINE THAN CHRISTMAS CHEER

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"WHAT'S THE FRENCH FOR 'MERRY CHRISTMAS', BILL?"

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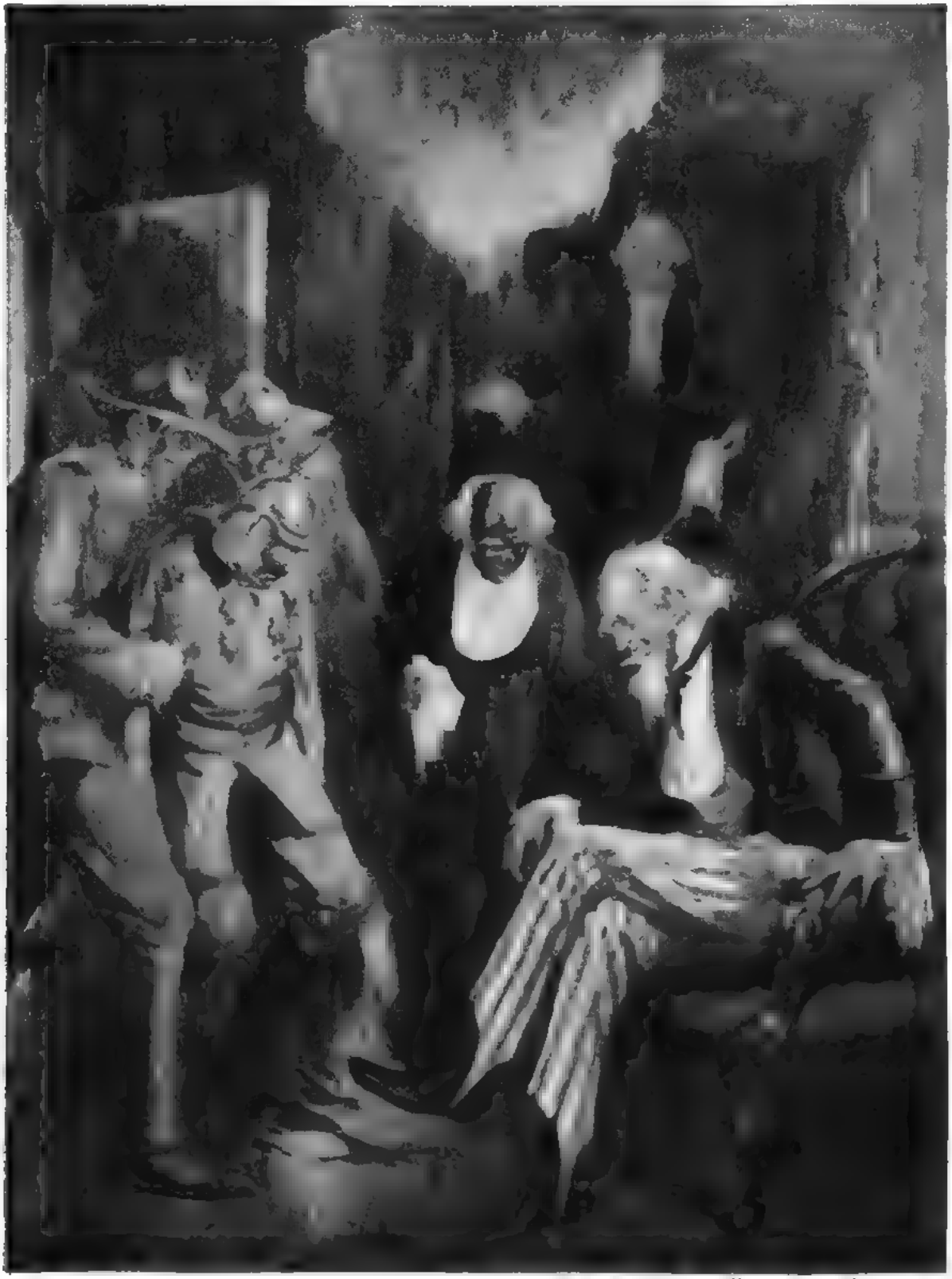

Illustration in Red Cross Magazine by Irma Beremaud

"CHRISMUS' GIF' MASSA SAM"

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Painted for the Red Cross Magazine by Tony Sarg

A CHRISTMAS CARD FOR THE KAISER

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SANTA CLAUS AT THE FRONT

Bringing Christmas to Wounded Soldiers in Flanders Within the Sound of the Big Guns and Helping Them to Forget Their Troubles

BY

MAUD MORTIMER

(Author of "A Green Tent in Flanders")

"Somewhere in Flanders"

DEAR HARRY:

Would you like, I wonder, to hear about our Christmas in a French field hospital? It was quite an occasion, though I may have to take my courage in both hands to write to you on so banal a subject. Yes, smile at me indulgently, as you may now that I am far away; do I not know by heart your famous theories about Christmas and have you not a dozen times at least expounded to me the three categories into which you have it that the invention of present-giving can be resolved? Listen! "To placate one's superiors, further intimidate one's inferiors or salve a fat and lazy conscience by childishly and inadequately pretending to succor the destitute." Your very words, though you leave a narrow margin, I admit, in which you allow of certain gifts—the fruit of one's brain or the work of one's hands—between friends and lovers.

Now, although our present-giving does not wholly fit into your margin, nor can I mollify you by showing it to be the clear-cut conception that proves all your rules, you will be a hardened sinner indeed if you do not agree with me that on the whole it was all very much worth while.

To go back to the very beginning, you will perhaps doff your cap when you hear what good company we have been keeping. First came Queen Elizabeth, sweet and beautiful and full of sympathy for the men. Some weeks later came King Albert, the very hero in person. He came to secorate some of our men but himself wore no decoration, not even a ribbon. He was really charming and, like other great spirits, so simple that before you have been with him many minutes you have forgotten to be shy. He shook hands with us all around and said as many nice things as he had time for and had quite a long talk with Miss Carr, who is the acting head of the hospital just now.

Before we had time to draw breath after this excitement, up came Christmas, galloping at a great pace. The first I knew of it was the sight one morning of eight chubby white wooden boxes dumped in a muddy space between two of our shacks. They were too small for coffins and too big for essence cases—our two greatest needs here—and I wondered vaguely what they were for. The next morning eight sturdy baby fir trees were firmly planted, one in each, and the carpenter and the cook, a pot of paint between them, were having a delightful time at *camouflage*, trying to deceive the baby firs into thinking that their feet still stood firmly planted in the green slopes of their native hills. As I stood for a second looking on and wishing my dignity might allow me to lend a hand, up came Miss Carr. "The Christmas bales and cases have just arrived and have been put into an empty ward, No. 5 I think. I wish you would take charge of all that business and put it through for me," she said.

In *Salle* V the beds had been pushed to one end and the new arrivals, piled high, filled all the rest of the available space. In their midst stood the solemn, plump, sleek little gentleman we call the penguin. His arms

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are short and as helpless looking as flippers, and in his eyes is the "Weary Willie" look you can see in the eyes of all the penguins you know intimately. And undoubtedly his case called for sympathy. So he was named my adjutant and for the first time in his life came face to face with the brutal and bustling facts of an Anglo-Saxon Christmas.

We lost no time in setting to work and as case after case and bale after bale were unpacked the kind gifts of friends in England and America were heaped up on the empty beds which began to take on something of the look of a miniature mountain range with glittering cascades of tinsel rustling down their sides and colored balls like fallen stars rolling glitteringly in its valleys.

Every now and then a convalescent Arab in one of the blue and red hospital dressing gowns, a little round cap on his head, would flatten his nose even more than its wont against one of the window panes, or one of the *blessés* on crutches, out for his morning airing, would stump cautiously up our boardwalk to peep in through a crack in the door. I think it was the eager look on these faces, so recently haggard and drawn with suffering, that first made me realize that this was to be no ordinary festival. After the unpacking, we had to take the nurses aside and get from each a list of her charges with, however slight, an indication of each man's tastes.

There were about 110 patients here at the time, about 90 orderlies and a long list of doctors, nurses, chauffeurs, etc. Each was to be personally remembered and his fragment of Christmas, wrapped in paper and tied with colored ribbon, was to be marked with his name and try hard to be the thing that he or she would most enjoy.

In every spare moment of their days down would come the two youngest nurses to *Salle* V to help to sew tarletan bags in bright enough colors to please even the Futurists, and cut, according to their fancy, to caricature the legs of friend or enemy. These bags were to be the "stockings" and had to be filled. Walnuts, filberts and almonds stuffed out the foot nicely. Then, in graded sizes, tangerine oranges and apples and, finally, as we got up to the calf, a nice big orange with a packet of tobacco and a pipe, or a cigarette holder with a packet of cigarettes, a miniature packet of playing cards, dominoes or any other foolish little game or puzzle, a brilliant painted or stamped handkerchief; and for the most patient or in some other way the most deserving of our large family, the prime favorites of all gifts, a small looking glass or a tiny comb in a leather case.

On Christmas Eve we were all up early, a tree was put into each ward and the best local talent was commandeered for their decoration. Rivalry ran high, an ambassador being sent every now and again from each ward to take a look round and report on the progress of the other trees, and each *blessé* who was well enough sat propped up against his bed rest and egged the decorators on to ever more ingenious effort. Those less well lay and followed the game with interested eyes, while criticism of each artistic touch ran high and wit and humor had it all their own way.

The shacks with their cross beams, all of natural toned wood inside, lent themselves to the occasion and made as pretty a background as one could wish to the strings of colored lanterns, flags and red paper roses which the men had been as happy as school boys making for ten days at least. If we could only always keep them amused and inventive, it would go as far as the doctors do toward health.

In *Salle* I socks sent us from Canada were arranged all round the tree as ornaments.

In the afternoon our tenor, a mobilized priest with a beautiful voice, went from ward to ward singing. The men always enjoy that so much. Then at dusk the trees and lanterns were all lighted and we made a brave show, brilliant reflections plunging into the depths of our pond or glowing and rippling in the wake of the ducks who, in the unwonted excitement, had forgotten to tuck their heads under their wings and were hurriedly and officiously swimming about as though they were responsible for all the splendor. Apparently there was no enemy aircraft abroad or we should have made a glorious target.

The presents piled into baskets were sent to each ward and Miss Carr, with quite a following of our notables and a sprinkling of lesser lights like ourselves, went the round distributing them. The men who had little ones at home were given a toy or two which, I think, delighted them more than anything else. By seven o'clock the whole ceremony had to be over as our big sick children had had a long day and were to be put to bed before they were too tired to sleep.

No sooner were they safely and soundly asleep than the night nurses—this week the

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two girls who had helped to make the tarletan stockings—stole round and hung one of them at the head of each bed, and it was they who had all the fun of the Christmas morning awakening, for by the time the rest of us and the sun were well up, the stockings had all been emptied, their precious contents carefully sorted and stacked on the shelves behind each bed and the wards cleaned up and ready for the doctor's morning rounds.

Such a good dinner as the men had, too, at midday! Ham and stewed rabbit, *petit pois*, and plum pudding, cheese, fruit, nuts, raisins, figs, dates and sweets, with coffee and extra wine.

The orderlies repeated the motif in their own refectory, where they had a tree all to themselves. Each of them had a pair of thick woollen socks, a present, and very much the same dinner as the *blessés* had had.

In the evening there was a grand dinner party for the doctors and nurses, the ambulance drivers and a stray Englishman who happened to be stranded in the village. We decorated the *Salle d'Attente* with flags and put screens around the walls to make a sort of room. The table was shaped like three sides of a square, with the fourth side open, and in the centre of the square stood the tree. The guests sat round outside, and the two orderlies, told off as waiters, served them from the inside of the square. The table decorations were holly and red ribbons and, not having candelabra, we used wine glasses with sprigs of holly round each candle. It all seemed quite lovely to eyes so long starved for a touch of beauty. On the tree was a parcel for each of us—some sort of toy—with a silly verse tied to it. The Frenchmen made the most amusing free translations of these rhymes and you may be sure none of the fun, though perhaps some of the silliness, was lost. Then the *Médecin-chef* made a beautiful speech and Miss Carr had to answer *in French* and we were all so gay that none of us cared a scrap whether our genders were perfect or not.

You may think perhaps that by this time Christmas was over. Not a bit of it. The following Sunday we had a big tree in the village for the refugee children. The Mayor lent us a large room in his house. We dressed one of our men up as Santa Claus in a dressing gown turned red side out and trimmed with swan's down off an old *négligée* of the Directress. His cap was of red turkey cotton, also trimmed with swan's down, and a nurse made him a lovely wig and beard out of flax and then powdered it. He was quite a work of art! We had invited 125 children, but only 331 turned up. Happily there were small things enough on the tree to go round. And the best of it was that Miss Carr got two cheques from her home in Canada, Miss Wolton got one and Miss James another, so that all the bills could be paid without asking help of the Directress who has another big hospital on her hands now.

Now you will not ask me to take an oath, hand up, that during all these gay doings the wounds caused their victims no agony. The guns certainly never ceased their pounding and the dread foreboding of the human wreckage that might come to us out of their menace to end in torture on our beds tinged the under current of our thoughts. Certainly, too, in tired moments the tinsel may sometimes have seemed as futile as you would have us think, but this is true: That the rivalry of wit, of gaiety and jollity, stole many a thought from self, and perhaps some of those who spent last Christmas with us will sometimes, in happier days, look back to the time when we all laughed together and defied Pain and Death on their own ground!

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A HARBINGER OF HARMONY

BY

ALVIN S. JOHNSON

ALMOST every one applauds a man like my chief, Mr. Howe, who devotes his life to increasing the social stock of humanity, tolerance and mutual good will. I do so myself. But it should not be forgotten that there are some of us who have built up our lives on the reasonable expectation that contentiousness and discord will remain undiminished. We have, as it were, a vested interest in strife. It is our fertile field, our rich grove abounding in all savory fruits. To create harmony is really to confiscate our property. Yes, as you surmise, I am a lawyer. I am a well-trained lawyer; at least, I am possessed of an expensive legal education, and I have what is called a high standard of professional ethics. Still, I have a body to clothe and a stomach to fill. Moreover, I have a wife who knows just one thing about the law; that it ought to give a good living to a man of ability. She is terribly tired of our little bungalow. She feels aggrieved when she has to go afoot to return a call that was made by limousine. She detests every dress she has, because everybody has known it so long. When I explain why the money doesn't come in, she listens with just the faintest and most disheartening air of skepticism. "You should have been a missionary, John," is her usual comment. And I have an uncomfortable feeling that her mental comment runs like this: "If one had wanted a life of privation, one would better have married a real missionary, not a lawyer obsessed with Quixotic ideals of social harmony."

> Some of us look upon lawyers as cold, grasping mortals in whom the milk of human kindness has soured.
>
> But see what a power for good a lawyer can be, provided he possess the proper point of view!

When I came to the small town of Hendricks, six years ago, to launch myself upon the career of country lawyer, I first satisfied myself that the community was at least normally litigious. I saw that the most lucrative business was concentrated in the hands of Mr. Howe, a kindly old bachelor who lived in a cheap boarding house and dressed as seedily as an unsuccessful book agent. The fees he entered in his books—he seldom bothered to collect them—represented a very pretty income. So I felt I was made when he accepted me as a partner. I intended to find out the secret by which he always managed to win his cases, and in the meantime to introduce system in the collection of fees. So my first act was to go through his books and send out bills. The money just poured in, heaps of it. There was so much that Mr. Howe was plainly staggered. "Lord," he would exclaim, "I never realized there had been so much trouble in this town. We'll have to do something about it."

This was the beginning of the legal collapse of the town of Hendricks. The first thing Mr. Howe did with the money I had collected for him was to organize an "Enemy Dinner." Each guest, so the invitation ran, was to bring to the dinner the person he considered his worst enemy (wives excluded). If his worst enemy had been preëmpted by another guest, he was to make a second choice or a third or fourth. Dining with one's friends, so Mr. Howe's note of invitation explained, was rather an outworn pastime; dining with one's enemies could not fail to be amusing. You would never have supposed that such an enterprise could come to anything. But it did. Everybody came bringing an enemy, the meanest men in town loudly boasting of their popularity as enemies. At the close of the evening every one admitted that an enemy is much more enjoyable than a friend. The dinner had proved a tremendous success, socially. But professionally it was a disaster. For the next six months our firm took in hardly any money, and several other lawyers in town closed up their business and went away.

Next, Mr. Howe inserted a notice in the town papers stating that while he was still ready to

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e would do give his ser- isputes out r office was free adjust- ough; what uld bend all eful adjust- ed that at e. In view I suggested ford it, and ve their de- ng for com- it the legal actically ex- teen lawyers ary of har- twelve had ther lines of

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You'll see a

vielded. Mr. apers. Pres- red, brusque, up his mind ave it; whose at the wall, inferred from id. I retired at Mr. Howe

would fail. From my desk I could hear bass growls from the gentleman, the voice of shrill accusation from the lady, interrupted by long, expository mumblings from Mr. Howe. Gradually the bass growls and the shrill accusations ceased, and Mr. Howe's voice became more firm and dogmatic. The conviction grew upon me that the case was being lost. I made up my mind that I would hear; was not the business as much mine as my partner's? I drew my chair nearer the door.

"There is no legal reason," Mr. Howe was saying, "why you should not break up this partnership if you desire. But I must insist that before you take any further steps, you talk the whole matter over by yourselves. My car is waiting: probably you can settle the matter on your way."

Both protested violently but he managed somehow to get them into his car. As he confided to me later he had instructed his chauffeur to seem to lose control of the machine on the steep hill beyond the courthouse. "In such a case, anything to shock them out of their obsessions," he explained.

The next day the pair returned to say that they had made up and were going to Hawaii on a second honeymoon. Thousands of dollars in fees lost!

I should have left Mr. Howe long ago. This is what my wife urges, and she is right. If our firm keeps up its present methods much longer one notary public will be able to handle all the legal business there is in this town. Mr. Howe can live on such small pickings as remain, but my wife and I are near the starvation point. And yet, I never seem able to make up my mind to leave. Mr. Howe has spoiled me for law. I work harder at it than I ever did before, and I believe I could win cases. But if I were to go into business for myself, I am afraid I should be tempted to do just as Mr. Howe does. I'd work out methods of compromise and do my best to ruin the legal business for myself as well as for every one else. If I were a bachelor like Mr. Howe, I might be justified in such a course, but it would be obviously reprehensible in a man with a wife who had accepted him in the reasonable expectation that he would prove a competent breadwinner. Professionally and domestically, I fear I am past redemption.

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ON FIRE 9,000 FEET IN THE AIR

BY

LIEUTENANT ALAN BOTT, M. C.

IT HAPPENED late in the afternoon, one August dog-day. No wind leavened the languid air, and hut, hangar, tent, and workshop were oppressive with a heavy heat, so that we wanted to sleep. To taxi across the grass in a chase for flying speed, to soar gently from the hot ground, and, by leaning beyond the wind-screen, to let the slip-stream of displaced air play on one's face—all this was as refreshing as a cold plunge after a Turkish bath.

Our party consisted of four machines, each complete with pilot, observer, and several hundred rounds of ammunition. The job was an offensive patrol—that is to say, we were to hunt trouble around a given area behind the Boche lines. A great deal of the credit for our "mastery of the air"—that glib phrase of the question-asking politician—during the Somme Push of 1916, belongs to those who organized and those who led these fighting expeditions over enemy country. Thanks to them, our aircraft were able to carry out reconnaissance, artillery observation, and photography with a minimum of interruption, while the German planes were so hard pressed to defend their place in the air that they could seldom guide their own guns or collect useful information. To this satisfactory result must be added the irritative effect on enemy morale of the knowledge that whenever the weather was fine our machines hummed overhead, ready to molest and be molested.

Offensive patrols are well worth while, but for the comfort of the airmen directly concerned they are rather too exciting. When friends are below during an air duel the pilot is warmly conscious that should he or his machine be crippled he can break away and land, and there's an end of it. But if a pilot be wounded in a scrap far away from home, before he can land he must fly for many miles, under shell fire and probably pursued by enemy hawks. He must conquer the blinding faintness which accompanies loss of blood, keep clear-headed enough to deal instantaneously with adverse emergency, and make an unwilling brain command unwilling hands and feet to control a delicate apparatus. Worst of all, if his engine be put out of action at a spot beyond gliding distance of the lines, there is nothing for it but to descend and tamely surrender. And always he is within reach of that vindictive exponent of frightfulness—Archibald the Ever-Ready—the anti-aircraft gun.

Picture yourself 9,000 feet in the air over the enemy's lines. Suddenly you discover that your airplane is on fire. Then, as you endeavor to put out the fire, a bullet pierces your gasolene tank, emptying it. This is the situation that one cool-headed British aviator successfully overcame.

As we climbed to 6,000 feet the machines above threw glints of sunlight on the screen of blue infinity. We ranged ourselves and departed. Passing the red roofs and heart-shaped citadel of Doulens and a jagged wood, suggestive of a lion rampant, we followed the straight road to Arras. Arrived there, the leader turned south, for we were not yet high enough. As we moved along the brown band of shell-pocked desolation we continued to climb. Patches of smoke from the guns hovered over the ground at intervals. A score of lazy-looking kite balloons hung motionless.

By the time we reached Albert our height was 12,000 feet, and we steered eastward.

In those days, before the methodical advance of the British artillery had begun to worry the stronghold overmuch, Bapaume was a hot-bed of all the anti-aircraft deviltries. We therefore swerved toward the south. Archie was not to be shaken off so easily, and we began a series of erratic deviations as he ringed with black puffs first one machine, then another. The shooting was not particularly good; for although no clouds intervened between the guns and their mark, a powerful sun dazzled the gunners, who must have found

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difficulty in judging height and direction. From Archie's point of view, the perfect sky is one screened from the sunlight, at 20,000 to 30,000 feet, by a mantle of thin clouds against which air-craft are outlined boldly like stags on a snow-covered slope.

A few minutes in a southeasterly direction brought us to a large, ungainly wood, the shape of which was something between the ace of spades and the ace of clubs. This we knew as Mossy-Face, then growing rapidly into the headquarters of the Boche Flying Corps on the British Front. From the southwest corner Archie again scattered, burst and barked at our group, but his inaccuracy made dodging hardly necessary.

A lull followed, and I twisted my neck all round the compass, for, in the presence of hostile airplanes, Archie only behaves when friendly machines are about. Two thousand feet below three biplanes were approaching the wood from the south. Black crosses showed up plainly on their gray-white wings. We dropped into a dive toward the strangers.

Under normal conditions a steep dive imparts a strange feeling of being hemmed in from every side. One takes a deep breath instinctively, and the novice in flying will grip the fuselage tightly with both hands, as if to avoid being crushed. And, indeed, any one in a diving aeroplane is hemmed in, by the terrific air-pressure to which the solid surface is subjected. If he attempt to stand up or lean over the side, he will be swept back, after a short struggle, beneath the shelter of windscreen and fuselage. But when diving on a Hun, I have never experienced this troubled sensation, probably because it has been swamped under the high tension of readiness for the task. All the faculties must be concentrated on opening the attack, since an air duel is often decided in the first few seconds at close quarters. What happens during these few seconds may depend on a trifle, such as the position of the gun-mounting, an untried drum of ammunition, a slight swerve, or firing a second too soon or too late. An airman should regard his body as part of the machine when there is a prospect of a fight, and his brain, which commands the machine, must be instinctive with insight into what the enemy will attempt.

As we dived, then, I estimated the angle at which we might cross the Boche trio, watched for a change of direction on their part, slewed round the gun-mounting to the most effective setting for what would probably be my arc of fire, and fingered the movable back-sight expectantly. At first the Boches held to their course as though quite unconcerned. Later they began to lose height. Their downward line of flight became steeper and steeper, and so did ours. Just as our leading plane arrived within range and began to spit bullets through the propeller, a signal rocket streaked from the first Boche biplane, and the trio dived almost vertically, honking the while on Klaxon horns.

We were then at about 6,000 feet. I was waiting to see the Huns flatten out, when—"*Wouff! wouff! wouff! wouff! wouff!*" said Archie. The German birds were not hawks at all; they were merely tame decoys used to entice us to a pre-arranged spot, at a height well favored by anti-aircraft gunners. The ugly puffs encircled us, and it seemed unlikely that an airplane could get away without being caught in a patch of hurtling high explosive. Yet nobody was hit. The only redeeming feature of the villain Archibald is that his deeds are far less terrible than his voice. Although I was uncomfortable as we raced away, the chorused *wouffs!* reminded me of an epidemic of coughing I heard in church one winter's Sunday, while a fatuous sermon was read by a flat-voiced vicar.

Mingled with the many black bursts were a few green ones, probably gas shells, for Archie had already taken to the gas habit. Very suddenly a line of fiery rectangles shot up and curved toward us when they had reached three-quarters of their maximum height. They rose and fell within thirty yards of our tail. These were "onions," the flaming rockets which the Boche keeps for any hostile aircraft that can be lured to a height between 4,000 and 6,000 feet.

I yelled to V., my pilot, that we should have to dodge. We side-slipped and swerved to the left. A minute later the stream of onions had disappeared, greatly to my relief, for the prospect of a fire in the air inspires in me a mortal funk. Soon I was to pass from the unpleasant possibility to the far more unpleasant reality.

Once outside the unhealthy region, we climbed to a less dangerous height. Again we became the target for a few dozen high explosive shells. We broke away and swooped downward. Some little distance ahead, and not far below, was a group of five Albatross two-seated airplanes. V. pointed our machine

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at them, in the wake of the flight-commander.

Next instant the fuselage shivered. I looked along the inside of it and found that a burning shell fragment was lodged on a longeron, halfway between my cockpit and the tail-plane. A little flame zigzagged over the fabric, all but died away, but, being fanned by the wind as we lost height, recovered and licked its way toward the tail. I was too far away to reach the flame with my hands, and the fire extinguisher was by the pilot's seat. I called for it into the speaking-tube. The pilot made no move. Once more I shouted. Again no answer. V.'s ear-piece had slipped from under his cap. A thrill of acute fear passed through me, and it was hard work to keep cool. I stood up, forced my arm through the rush of wind, and grabbed V.'s shoulder.

"Fuselage burning! Pass the fire extinguisher!" I yelled.

My words were drowned in the engine's roar; and the pilot, intent on getting near the Boches, thought I had asked which one we were to attack.

"Look out for those two Huns on the left," he called over his shoulder.

"Pass the fire extinguisher!"

"Get ready to shoot, blast you!"

"Fire extinguisher, you fool!"

A backward glance told me that the fire was nearing the tail-plane at the one end and my box of ammunition at the other, and was too serious for treatment by the extinguisher unless I could get it at once. Desperately I tried to force myself through the bracing struts and cross-wires behind my seat. To my surprise, my head and shoulders and one arm got to the other side—a curious circumstance—as I have tried repeatedly to repeat this acrobatic trick on the ground and have failed every time. There I stuck, for it was impossible to wriggle farther. However, I could now reach part of the fire, and I beat at it with gloved hands. Within half a minute most of it was crushed to death. But a thin streak of flame, outside the radius of my arm, still flickered toward the tail. I tore off one of my gauntlets and swung it furiously onto the burning strip. The flame lessened, rose again when I raised the glove, but died out altogether after I had hit it twice more. The load of fear left me, and I discovered an intense discomfort, wedged in as I was between the cross-struts. Five minutes passed before I was able, with many a heave and gasp, to withdraw back to my seat.

By now we were at close grips with the enemy and our machine and another converged on a Hun. V. was firing industriously. As we turned, he glared at me, and, knowing nothing of the fire, shouted: "Why the hell haven't you fired yet?" I caught sight of a Boche plane below us, aimed at it, and emptied a drum of ammunition in short bursts. It swept away, but not before two of the German observer's bullets had plugged our petrol tank from underneath. The pressure went, and with it the petrol supply. The needle on the revolution-counter quivered to the left as the revolutions dropped, and the engine missed on first one, then two cylinders. V. turned us round, and, with nose down, headed the machine for the trenches. Just then the engine ceased work altogether, and we began to glide downwards.

All this happened so quickly that I had scarcely realized our plight. Next I began to calculate our chances of reaching the lines before we would have to land. Our height was 9,000 feet, and we were just more than nine miles from friendly territory. Reckoning the gliding possibilities of our type of plane as a mile to a thousand feet, the odds seemed unfavorable. On the other hand, a useful wind had arisen from the east, and V., a very skilful pilot, would certainly cover all the distance that could be covered. I located our exact position and searched the map for the nearest spot in the lines. The village of Bouchavesnes was a fraction south of due west, and I remembered that the French had stormed it two days previously. From the shape of the line before this advance, there was evidently a small salient, with Bouchavesnes in the middle of the curve. I scribbled this observation on a scrap of paper, which I handed to V. with the compass direction. V. checked my statements on the map, nodded over his shoulder, and set a course for Bouchavesnes.

Could we do it? I prayed to the gods and trusted to the pilot. Through my mind there flitted impossible plans to be tried if we landed in Boche territory. After setting fire to the machine I would attempt to hide, and then at night-time I would creep along a communication trench to the enemy front line, jump across it in a gap between the sentries, and chance getting by the barbed wire and across No Man's Land. Or I would steal to the Somme, float

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ing had apparently exhausted my stock of nervousness. I seemed detached from all idea of danger, and the desolated German trench area might have been a side-show at a fair.

We swept by No Man's Land at a height of 600 feet, crossed the French first- and second-line trenches, and, after passing a small ridge, prepared to land on an uneven plateau covered by high bracken. To avoid landing down wind and down-hill, the pilot banked to the right before he flattened out. The plane touched earth easily, ran over the bracken, and stopped two yards from a group of shell-holes. Not a wire was broken. The propeller had been scored by the bracken, but the landing was responsible for no other damage. Taking into consideration the broken ground, the short space at our disposal, and the fact that we landed cross-wind, V. had exhibited wonderful skill.

We climbed out, relieved but cantankerous. V., still ignorant of the fire, wanted to know why my gun was silent during our first fight; and I wanted to know why he hadn't shut off the engine and listened when I shouted for the fire extinguisher. Some French gunners ran to meet us. The sight that met them must have seemed novel, even to a poilu of two and a half years' understanding.

Supposing that the airplane had crashed down, they came to see if we were dead or injured. What they found was one almost complete airplane and two leather-coated figures, who cursed each other heartily as they stood side by side.

Quels types! said the first Frenchman to arrive.

An examination of the airplane revealed a fair crop of bullet holes through the wings and elevator. A large gap in one side of the fuselage, over a longeron that was charred to powder in parts, bore witness to the fire. Petrol was dripping from the spot where the tank had been perforated. On taking a tin of chocolate from his pocket, V. found it ripped and gaping. He searched the pocket and discovered a bright bullet at the bottom. We traced the adventures of that bullet; it had grazed a strut, cut right through the petrol union, and expended itself on the chocolate tin!

(This story forms part of a book to be published shortly under the title of "An Airman's Outings")

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HIS GREATER TASK

Harry Lauder, the Famous Scotch Comedian, Who Lost His Only Son in the War, Is Devoting His Time to Cheering, by Song and Story, the Soldiers Going to War and, at the Same Time, Arousing Them to the Deeper Purposes and Ideals for Which the World Is in Arms To-day

BY

FRASER NAIRN

THEY were packed closely together, a sea of olive drab, topped by a row of happy faces. Jests and bits of laughter rose here and there, and every now and then one of the soldiers would glance around expectantly as if seeking somebody. It was evident they awaited some one. Suddenly there was a movement at the door—a burst of music from three lusty Highlanders and in came a short, rather stocky figure. At once it became evident that the suspense was over—for Harry Lauder had come to cheer the soldiers.

Instantly the intervening years dropped away and I found myself back some eight years ago, in a seat in a theatre, where the galleries rocked with noisy merriment at the antics of a little man on the stage. Voices called across the pit, "A Wee Deoch an' Doris, Harry," or "The Saftest o' the Family," in friendly supplication; to all of which requests the comedian assented with a readiness that seemed to show the happiness he felt at making others happy.

And now to-day—yes, it was the same Harry Lauder—but one felt somehow that there was something—a vague indefinable something—changed in him. He sang the old songs with just as much the same quaintness as before and his jokes were even more amusing, but underlying it all and in his eyes there seemed something bigger and more serious. And then I noticed the black band which he wore around his left arm and I realized.

For Harry Lauder has paid the supreme penalty. He has given his only son that the cause of Liberty might live. Captain John Lauder, of the Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders, died on the field of battle leading a charge of his troops and to-day a little plot of ground "somewhere in France" contains all that the little comedian held most dear in life.

They tell of the first visit Lauder made to the grave of his son, after he had recovered from the shock of hearing of his death. In company with a staff officer, he went to the little cemetery and located the grave. "The father," says the officer, "leaned over the grave to read what was written there. He knelt down, indeed he lay upon the grave and clutched it the while his body shook with the grief he felt.

"When the storm had spent itself he rose and prayed: 'O God, that I could have but one request. It would be that I might embrace my laddie just this once and thank him for what he has done for his country and humanity.'

While on his tour of the United States, where he visited the various training camps, Mr. Lauder sent the following message through the RED CROSS MAGAZINE:

To the People of the United States:

Having been to the front, I speak with some authority on the grand and glorious work of the Red Cross. Let the people of the United States remember the soldier boys' friend on the field of battle. The Red Cross is his first aid; he is there at all times through the day and through the night. I might say that the men and women of the Red Cross are playing an unforgetable service. Let us not do what we can but let us do our best for the Red Cross and if we do our best, we will surely have no regrets.

(signed) HARRY LAUDER.

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"That was all, not a word of bitterness or complaint."

But Lauder has not let his feelings overcome him. "I must be brave," he says, "my boy is watching and all the other boys are waiting." And so he has a new mission. All over England and France he has been travelling constantly wherever there are soldier boys—"his boys"—gathered together, singing and cheering them and telling them of the great task they have undertaken. And more recently, in the United States, he placed himself at the service of the War Council of the Y.M.C.A. and spoke constantly to the soldiers in the concentration camps. And when he has finished his songs and jokes he never fails to tell of the great work that lies before the soldiers; something like this:

"One even in the gloaming in a Northern town, I was sitting by my window when I saw an old man with a pole on his shoulder come along. He was a lamplighter, and made the lamp opposite my window dance into brightness. Interested in his work, I watched him pass along until the gloaming gathered round and I could see him no more. However, I knew just where he was, for other lamps flashed into flame. Having completed his task, he disappeared into a side street. Those lights burned on through the night, making it bright and safe for those who should come behind him. An avenue of lights through the traffic and dangers of the city.

"Boys, think of that man who lit the lamp, for you are his successors only in a much nobler and grander way. You are not lighting for a few hours the darkness of passing night. You are lighting an avenue of lights that will make it safe for the generations of all time. Therefore you must be earnest to do the right. Fight well and hard against your enemy without and within, so that those of your blood who come after you will look up proudly in that light of freedom and say, 'The sire that went before me lit a lamp in those heroic days when the world warred for right.' The first burst of illumination that the world had was the lamp lit by Jesus, or rather He was the Light Himself. He said truly, 'I am the Light of the world.' You are in His succession. Be careful how you bear yourselves. Quit ye like men! Be strong!"

* * * * * *

And so the little Scotchman ever wends his way with a new purpose and a greater mission.

The War's Recompense

(The original of this verse was found on an Australian soldier who bravely fought and as nobly died. His name is as yet unknown.

YE THAT have faith to look with fearless eyes
Beyond the tragedy of a world at strife,
And know that out of death and night shall rise
The dawn of ampler life.
Rejoice, whatever anguish rend the heart,
That God has given you a priceless dower,
To live in these great times and have your part
In Freedom's crowning hour,
That ye may tell your sons who see the light
High in the Heavens—their heritage to take—
"I saw the powers of Darkness put to flight,
I saw the Morning break."

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VIVA L'ITALIA!

Life in an Italian War Hospital as Seen Through the Eyes of an American Nurse Serving Therein

BY

G. C. PORTER

THE GODSON

WE HAVE a Society here in the hospital called "*Madrina dei Soldati*" (god-mothers of the soldiers). Each member is privileged to obtain the name and address of some lonely soldier at the front, who has no family, or perhaps is a "foundling" to whom receiving letters will bring great cheer and comfort. Such soldiers are called godsons, and are adopted only for the duration of the war. I have two, Fausto, and Tonino, who belongs to one of the famous regiments of the Alpini.

One fine day, returning to my room from the hospital, the maid came to say there was a young soldier asking for me. I thought perhaps one of our discharged convalescents had come to look me up, and I ran down to the salon with great eagerness. It was a strange face that confronted me, and for a moment I must have shown my surprise, but when he said "Fausto," I made up for my momentary coolness by giving a warm welcome to my godson and his foster-mother who accompanied him.

He looked very picturesque in his *Bersaglieri* uniform, with the graceful green feathers drooping over his shoulder from his jaunty hat; and the little woman seemed very diminutive and insignificant by the side of this blonde giant. She had a sweet smile on her round little face, which was shadowed by a gray shawl tied under her chin. She looked lovingly at me, then, reaching up her hands to my shoulders, she kissed me on both cheeks, after the manner of the Italians.

His story is a pathetic one. He was left, when a tiny baby, at a Foundling Hospital here and knew no other mother than the little woman with the sweet face, who had taken him when quite a child, and with the help of a neighboring family, with whom he divided his time and labor, had cared for him as for a son. Nevertheless he had always hidden in his heart a keen longing to see his own, his very own mother, some one who really belonged to him! He had dreamed of this possibility, and had lived in the hope; so when my first letter reached him, calling him *Figlioccio* (godson) and signed *sua Madrina* (your godmother) he had a great hope that I might prove to be his truly own mother. His first letter was most pathetic and revealed his heart hunger. I will translate a part of it for you:

"Kindest Signora, to-day I have received your dear letter with the little picture of the Madonna. If you wish to make me contented, you must have the kindness to tell me if you are my real mamma, and I hope so! and believe me it would be a great happiness, because it is already twenty-three years that I am in the world, and I do not know my parents. Then, if you wish to content me, tell me this, because believe me, Signora, from the time that I have received your letter, I have not had a day of happiness because I have not been able to know sincerely for good about this matter. Let us hope that the picture of the Madonna you sent will bring me fortune, for believe me I have need of it. If you are indeed my mother I shall be happy, and if also it shall be given me the fortune to return after many battles, and arrive at the moment of embracing my mother, then Signora, as I have repeated be kind enough to do me this courtesy, and tell me how you came to find my name and address. If you are my Dear One, I would like to write in another manner—if you are Ah! then I would like to tell you all my life, especially my life in the army. Let us hope that soon will come the Peace, and that I may come to Florence. I will not say more, only to repeat, write to me and tell me ALL, so I may be able to remain more happy. With good hope I salute you, and wish you all good things, and sign myself your *Figl'o.*"

That was so pathetic, his leaving a vacancy in that word; not knowing if he was to write "*figlio*" (son) or "*figlioccio*" (godson).

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However, that was but for a time. He was soon reassured and chatting eagerly about his experiences at the front, which made him forget his little mistake. I tried hard to keep up my end of the conversation, and to make them both feel comfortable. Oh, but that was an exhausting half-hour for me, and I hate to think of the way, I must have juggled with the Italian verbs! Perhaps my funny mistakes helped Fausto recover his self-possession, and the refreshments (which I had ordered as soon as I knew who my guests were) gave them plenty to think and talk about.

We were soon very good friends indeed, and I have promised to spend a day at their farm. We finished the afternoon at a Cinema, which I invited them to attend, accompanied by Giselda, Fausto's betrothed, who was in service in Florence. She is a daughter of his foster-mother.

Finding that I could be spared from the Hospital, I was up with the birds the next morning, and away with Mafalda and my god son for the beautiful Mugello country.

When I reached the farmhouses (for the two families who have "raised" Fausto are next-door neighbors) I went first to the house of the sweet-faced, newly made friend, Mafalda, where I received a royal welcome from all. One member of the family was busy at her loom, making linen tape; while others were occupied with their household duties and preparing the rural feast that was to do me honor.

The big living room had a huge fireplace with long benches on each side, which gave a delightfully homey atmosphere.

Every one was kind, and I could see that Fausto had been cared for with the loving thought which the peasants show towards the unfortunate, but I could not wonder at the gnawing heart-hunger for some one who really and truly belonged to him.

During our walk through the fields, that golden afternoon, he poured out his heart, telling of his hopes and ambitions, and how he had faithfully tried to be a loyal son towards those who had done everything for him, but that after the war he longed to start on his own responsibility, and have a little home of his own. We were both thinking of sweet, shy Giselda, and when I spoke of the forthcoming marriage, his voice grew husky as he said—"Who knows whether I shall live to come back?" God grant it!

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CELEBRATING CHRISTMAS

There is always provision made for our soldiers at the hospital to have a treat at Christmas but this year the Authorities let me plan the surprise.

Several days before Christmas, one of the head nurses and I started out on a joyous expedition. We found a noble tree in the Piazza Santa Trinita, just below the bridge over the Lung' Arno near the spot where Dante first met Beatrice. Then we went to the store to buy the decorations, and selected thirty yards of tinsel, and gaily colored balls; Christmas angels, shining from the centre of shimmering silver discs; little flags of all the Allied and Neutral Nations; paper-chains of the national colors, and Italian flags. I hung a little American flag on the tree.

In the centre, low down, so every one could see it, was the *Persepio*—the charming little colored panorama of the Birth of Christ. Over this I hung gold and silver stars, and a very special Star just above the dear Christ-Child, while a red light, very near, shed a soft radiance.

When the one hundred and fifty candles were lit, it was a glorious sight!

But the light from the tree was nothing compared with the radiance of the faces of our dear soldiers!

Those who could walk or limp came on crutches or canes, others were carried on the backs of our Red Cross Orderlies, and several were brought in on wheeled stretchers. In one was Pietrino who, two months ago, had a huge, cruel bullet taken out of the inside of his spine—I shall never forget that wonderful operation!

In the other corner was Angiolino, who had had five operations on his head, and one leg is still paralyzed; Cesarino, who has the face of a Raphael cherub, was also able to be wheeled in, though months ago, we were not quite sure he would recover. Romolo came limping along on his cane, smiling contentedly. He is a wonder; one of our cheeriest and the bravest ever! Every one loves him, bless his brown eyes!

There were some of our doctors and nurses, and our surgeon and his wife had brought their little boy of five, who stood on a table near the tree, where he could see everything.

When all the soldiers had arrived, I took my guitar and, in spite of a bandaged finger, began playing and singing some of the beloved Italian Patriotic songs, begging the boys to join in. Then I said, "Avanti, Savoia!" When that order is given, every soldier obeys, and I am quite sure that the time-honored songs, "*Fratelli d'Italia, l'Italia s'e'desta*" and "*Si Scopron le Tombe*," with its thrilling refrain, "*Va fuori, o stranier*" (the war-cry for the enemy to leave the country), this, I am quite sure could have been heard as far as Rome, so lustily and feelingly did our soldiers sing it! The words of the song were written in 1858, by Mercatini. Garibaldi said to him "Write me a hymn for my volunteers," and the commission was fulfilled in ten days' time in the shape of "Garibaldi's Hymn," destined, in the years to come, to echo on Italian battlefields from the Alps to the mountains of Sicily, and to effectually become the National Anthem.

One of the modern patriotic songs we sang which is a great favorite with our soldiers, cries for the return of their idolized Garibaldi, citing the death (in this present war) of two of his descendants, Bruno and Costante, while thousands of other heroes cry with their latest breath—"Liberty!"

After the patriotic numbers came a group of the war love-songs; among them,

Addio dei Bersaglieri;
Se per la Patria mia, parto domani
Addio, Biondina Capricciosa, Garibaldina,
Addio, mia Bella, Addio.

Then they begged for something English, so I crooned a "Mammy" lullaby, which met with enthusiastic success. Take my word for it, if you ever want genuine, heartfelt appreciation, just sing for Italian wounded soldiers!

I forgot to mention how artistically our tree was decorated. From the top of a huge jar that held the tree, down to the floor and out in a sort of fan-shaped circle, we put crepe paper of the tricolor, and on this the candy bags of tricolor muslin tied with red, white, and green ribbon. Then, one of our boys who is of an artistic turn of mind, printed (in oranges) the word *Auguri* (Wishes). Circling everything were rows and rows of golden mandarines and oranges!

It seemed quite possible that there would be about six of our soldiers who would not be able to come to the Festa, so I planned a surprise for each, by fashioning wee individual trees out of huge pine cones we use for kindling. The

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THE GATHERING OF THE CLANS

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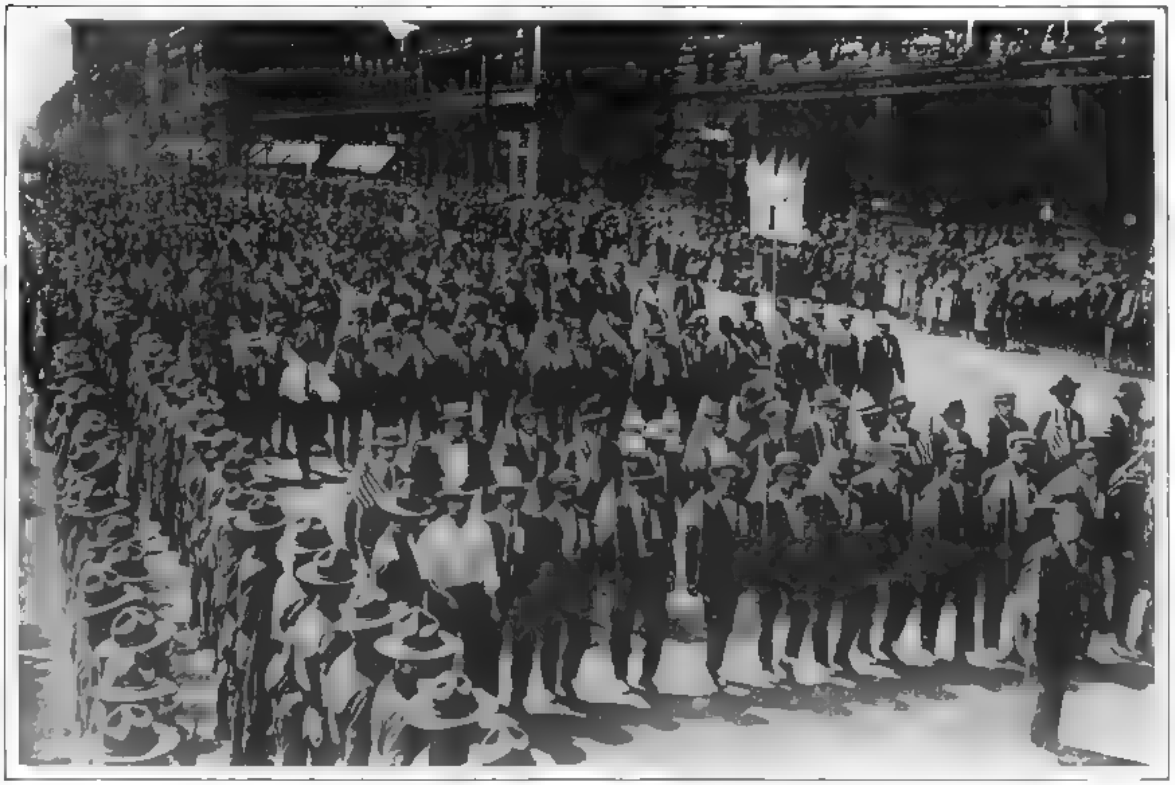
East and West, South and North Answered the Call to Arms by Pouring a Torrent of the Youth of the Nation Into the Ranks of the National Army and the National Guard



Photograph from Underwood & Underwood

FAREWELL TO CIVILIAN LIFE!

10,000 of Chicago's young men, led by student officers trained at Fort Sheridan, receive a rousing farewell prior to donning the khaki for the duration of the war

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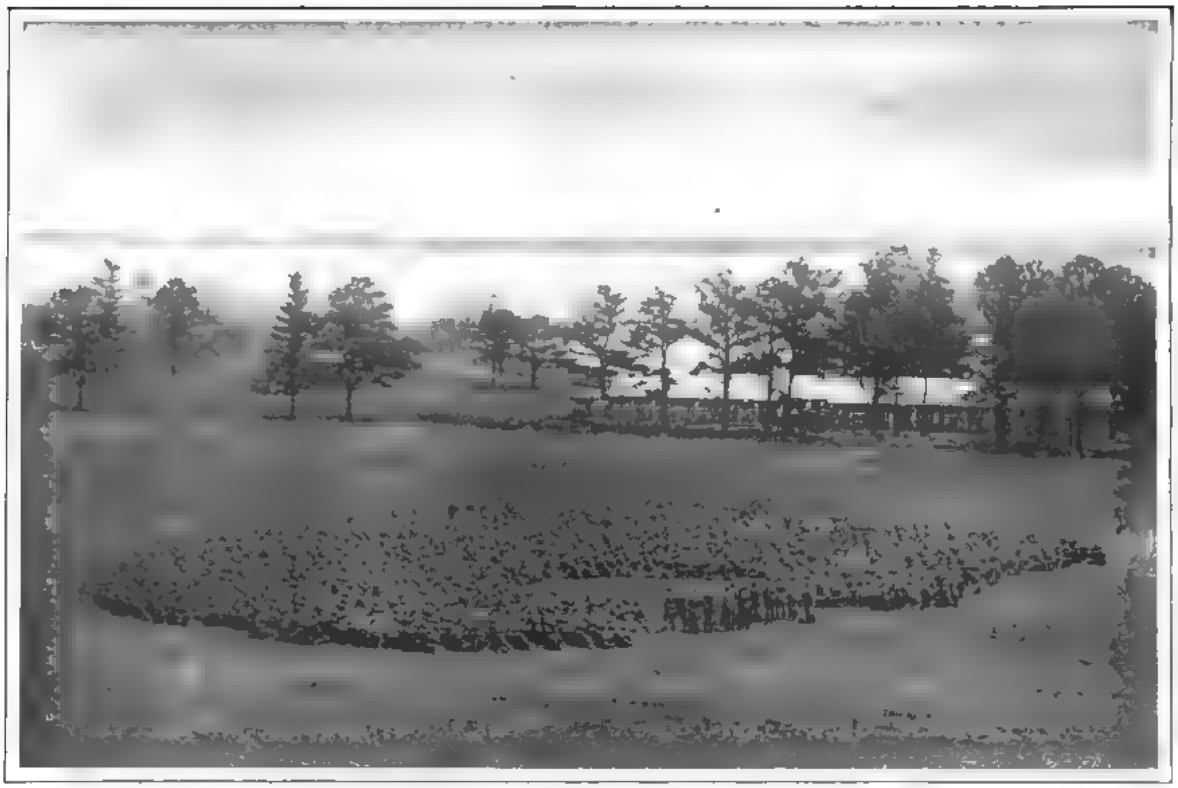

Photograph from Paul Thompson

I. NORTH PLATTSBURG, N. Y.

The pioneer of the officers' reserve training camps where the majority of officers commanding the National Army to-day received their training

Photograph from International Film Service

II. SOUTH: FORT McPHERSON, GA

Here, and at Fort Oglethorpe, in the same state, the majority of the young men of the South, anxious to become leaders of the new army, trained for their commissions

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III EAST YAPHANK, L. I.

The cantonment for the draft army from New York. It covers 20 square miles and accommodates more than 40,000 men and 22,000 horses

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IV. WEST CAMP LEWIS, WASH.

One of the sixteen National Army cantonments. The drafted men from Washington, Montana, Oregon, Idaho, Wyoming, California, Nevada, Utah and Alaska are camped here

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Photograph from Paul Thompson

THE RAINBOW DIVISION

Units of the National Guard of many states, including Texas, Oklahoma, Illinois, Virginia and New York, encamped at Camp Mills, Garden City, L. I., prior to going to France

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ALL OUT FOR THE ARMY!

or the National Army detraining and being enrolled at Camp Meade, Admiral, Md.

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THEIR FIRST TASTE OF THE MILITARY

to become a soldier at the cantonment of the National Army at Camp Lee, Petersburg, Va.

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LENDING A HELPING HAND

At Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, S. C., where the New York National Guard after an experience on the Mexican border last year are receiving several more months of training for modern warfare

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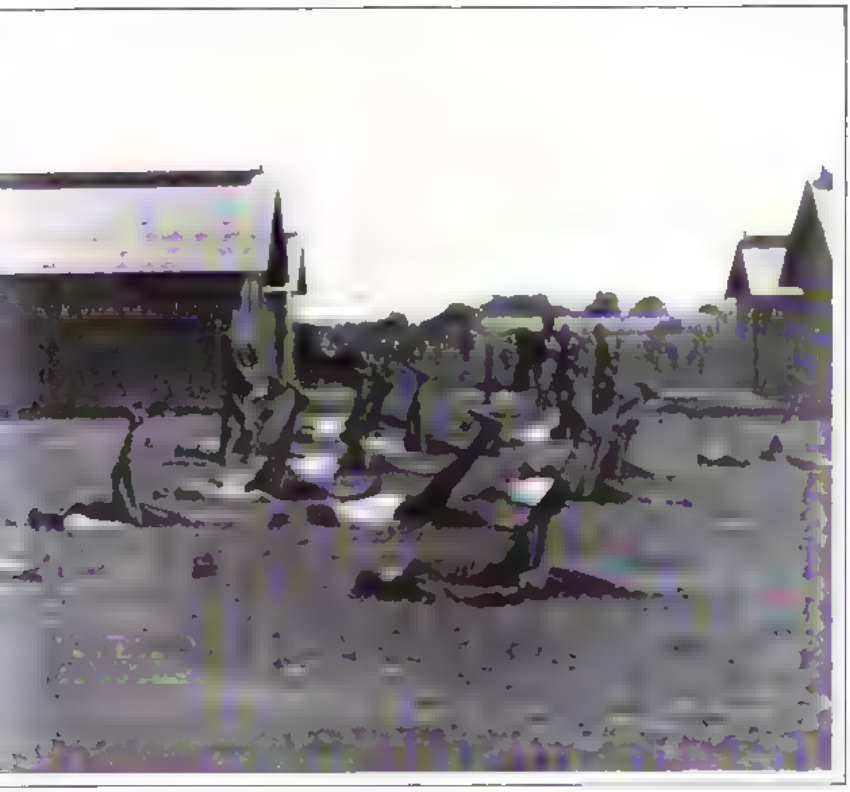
THE AWKWARD SQUAD

our" was the slogan heard throughout the National Army cantonments such as this at
ng the first days in teaching the recruits one of the first lessons of the soldier; how to



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"A COURSE OF SPROUTS"

e muscles being performed by members of the National Army at Camp Dix, Wrightstown, N. J., where the New Jersey draft army is being trained

Google

RUSSIA'S HOUR OF NEED

BY

MAJOR STANLEY WASHBURN

(Major Washburn is one of the foremost authorities on Russian affairs in America to-day. He served as correspondent for the Chicago Daily News throughout the Russo-Japanese War and has been special correspondent for the London Times with the Russian Armies since 1914 where he has had ample opportunity to view all phases of the Russian army on the various fronts.

Major Washburn accompanied the Root Commission from the United States to Russia as Secretary. He is the author of many books including "The Russian Advance," and "Victory in Defeat."—THE EDITORS.)

EVERY country involved in this war has had to deal with problems of human misery and human suffering on a scale hitherto unknown in the history of the world. Belgium, being the first country to feel the hard burden of ruthless war, has had more sympathy and evoked more commiseration for her troubles than any of the other countries. A hundred journalists were on the spot in easy touch with avenues of communication to tell the world the then novel story of the country overrun by Germans. The story of Serbia's tragic distress was not without its heralds. France with whom we have always had an inherent sympathy has received adequate interpretation to all the world, but of Russia, whose sacrifices and sufferings have probably exceeded all the others put together, there has been but meagre knowledge and casual interest. Cut off from easy communication, isolated from the rest of her Allies, she has suffered with the patience and dumb resignation characteristic of the Slav. Other countries have suffered but no country has felt so broadly and deeply the burdens of the war. To understand this one must realize that Russia has called to the colors nearly 14,000,000 men, that her casualties including prisoners and others becoming ineffective through military operations amount to nearly seven million. In addition to this there have taken refuge within the mighty spaces of her great domain nearly 15,000,000 refugees, fleeing before the terror of the German scourge. It is fair to assume that between 50,000,000 and 60,000,000 human beings, either directly or through those near and dear to them, have felt in their daily lives the iron grip of the war.

Let us now consider the capacity that Russia had in 1914 to meet this problem. In time of peace her railroads and system of communications barely equalled the economic demand placed upon them. There was never in the old Russian Government the vision to foresee the necessities and her railroad developments always lagged behind the demand placed upon them. With the coming of the war a large portion of her available lines of transportation were at once diverted for the movement of troops and munitions. As the war progressed German advances, acquiring and cutting lines of railroad, increasingly reduced the opportunity to keep the economic and industrial life of Russia flowing smoothly. Thus at the very inception of the war we see the menace and the promise of misery to all, both soldiers and civilians, within the zone of military operations as well as far behind the lines.

In the army one found an intelligent and somewhat efficient system for handling the wounded. This was based on the exigencies which had been experienced in the Japanese War. The realization of what modern warfare would entail in losses dawned upon the authorities only at the first shock of arms. In a country where organization was slow and transportation facilities poor and largely given over to military demands months elapsed before the army could be adjusted to the new conditions. It is not my purpose to trace the development of Russian relief at the front. It is of interest, however, to contrast conditions in the first months of war as against those of the present on the Russian front in order that one may understand that Russia, given time, somehow or other, adjusts herself to circumstances.

The first great movement of this war with which I personally came in contact, was in the autumn of 1914, when I was following the victorious armies of the Russians through Galicia.

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"FREE SPEECH" FOR ALL IN THE DUMA

ile Rome burned and to-day Russia orates while the German pounds at the gate. The Duma in particular is a hot-bed for firebrand orators

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RUSSIA BREAKS HER CHAINS

The citizens of Petrograd rejoice in the throwing off of the shackles by which the Romanoffs held them in subjection Russia's confidence has been badly shaken and what she needs most is moral support to enable her to reëstablish her army and her industries

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RUSSIA'S "SOAP BOX" ORATORS IN PETROGRAD

A great deal of the turmoil which was an aftermath of the revolution was due to the incendiary and treasonable utterances of pro-Germans who harangued the excited multitudes on all occasions

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MR. ELIHU ROOT IN MOSCOW

An American Mission was dispatched to Russia under Mr. Root soon after the overthrow of the Monarchy to enable the young Republic to profit by the experience of the older one

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Photograph from Paul Thompson

A SIGN OF THE REVOLUTION IN SIBERIA

Most of the stations along the Trans-Siberian Railroad bear placards with inscriptions about the revolution. This one bears the inscription "Long Live the All-Russian Democratic Republic"

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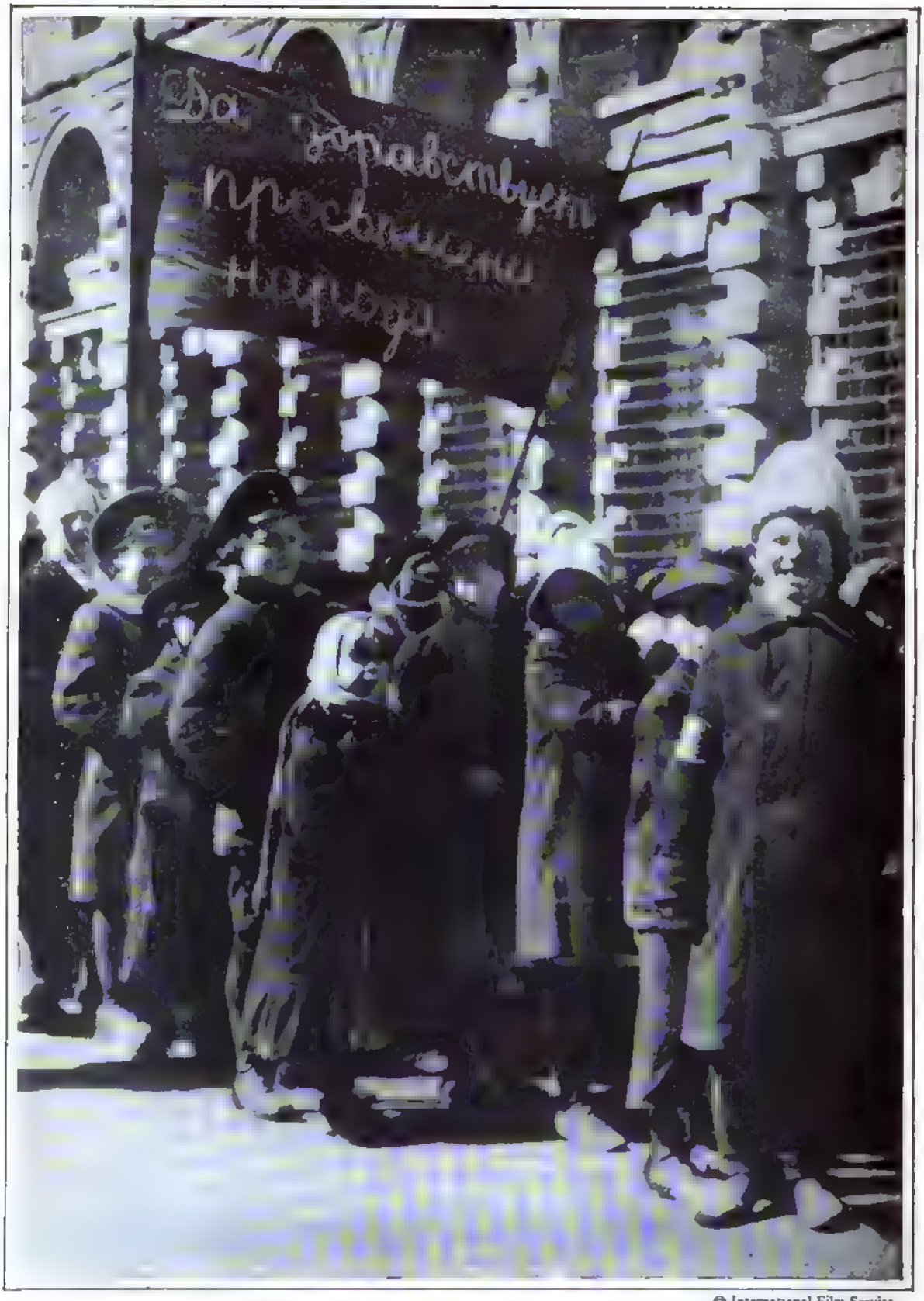

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EVEN THE CHILDREN GRASP THE OPPORTUNITY

That the Russians realize the value of education for a nation's welfare is shown in this procession of children who bear banners inscribed "Long Live Education for the People"

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Lemberg I was told that thirty days no less than d been handled through ssians had prepared an ervice to care for their scale which they had an- irst great battle before were fully three times n prepared for, based on perience. The defeat of t of Lemberg and their of the Russians the bulk as well. It is probably o say that the demands an Organization were five l been expected. What can realize without see- in the railroad station at ock in the morning and the front of three thou- a few hours. I was there there were fifteen oper- simultaneously. Every room was so congested t was barely possible to ugh the building. The crowded with standing most impossible to force station. So great was urgeons and so vast the ases waiting for amputa- hat it was impossible to nesthetics to minor cases. es were being amputated man or woman in town was placed into service. building in town flew a reets and parks in the ere filled with convales- ve place to the more seri- e extreme front in those men, with their clumsy ing for the soldiers in e were almost no motor cilities for removing the were slow and often ases where ten days rst front dressing and ts at the base hospital. n of the Russians, who humanly possible, but by contrast what they nplish in improvements

of 1916 I was on the front in Volynia and Galicia almost continu ously during Brussiloff's offensive. The losse were probably many times those experience in the first Galician campaign. During th summer of 1916 I saw no serious congestio of wounded nor did I hear of any importan operation where any soldier was called upon t suffer unnecessarily. The entire system of th army relief and of the Red Cross had, withi two years, been so perfected that from th time a man was hit until he reached his hom died or was back in the firing line, he was neve without attention. I was in a brisk fight on th Styr in July in which a Russian division carrie an enemy position in face of stubborn resi tance. The casualties in three hours amounte to nearly four thousand. By two o'clock in th morning the wounded had been cleared with th exception of two hundred. These represente cases too severely hit to warrant evacuatio At noon the next day the entire front organiza tion for handling the wounded had been r stored to normal. This contrast, I believ indicates what Russians can do, in spite of a most unsurmountable difficulties, when give time to work out their problems.

In view of this re-organization of the Russia system I am inclined to believe that the plac for foreign relief and Red Cross work is not i the army at all. As long as a soldier breathe he is a military asset in exactly the same d gree that the empty shrapnel case is of tangibl value to the nation. In the early days of th war, before organization had become perfecte one saw mountains of empty brass shell case around every old artillery position. Now th moment a shell is fired the brass case is ex tracted, carefully replaced in the caisson, an taken to the rear to be recharged. It is ex actly as much the business of the army to ca for the wounded as it is to care for these bras cases. The Russian system has now been s improved that this care is actually given t the soldiers. It is true that they do not enjo the luxuries which the British and Frenc wounded have but it is likewise true that the are taken care of kindly and sympatheticall and on the best basis which can be worked ou for meeting a problem on such a huge scale a is encountered in Russia. Incidentally, th Slavs infinitely prefer being taken care of b men and women of their own race and lan guage. Where foreign units are working at th front their returns are, in my opinion, not com mensurate with the effort and energy expende

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The matter of language and lack of understanding of the subtle Russian character is the greatest drawback for useful work of foreigners at the front, where a wounded or dying man craves one of his own blood and language to whom he may confide his last messages. Motor ambulances can be of great service to Russia in the occasional sectors where the roads are good. But under present conditions of congestion on the railroads it is probable that the car required to transport a single motor can be used to better advantage in carrying either material for relief or munitions of war.

The general problem of relief in Russia falls under five heads. First the army, which, in my opinion, is the least adapted for foreign Red Cross operations. The four other classes of sufferers, where money and effort can bring returns in Russia, are civilian internes, enemy prisoners, refugees and the destitute of the big cities. It is difficult to estimate the number of human lives which are included under these four heads. Twenty million is probably a conservative estimate. It is quite probable that the problem is too huge for any organization to handle in its entirety. Certainly thousands must perish this winter in any event. In planning a campaign to assist Russia it seems sound and wise to choose as a field of activity that course of action where the greatest number can be reached the quickest and where their salvation will, to the greatest extent, affect and benefit the political situation in Russia. The suffering of refugees and prisoners and the interned is, of course, as humanly vital as any of the problems, but even were it possible to benefit all of these (and at best but a trifling portion can be reached this winter) their saving would have but minor influence on the future of Russia. It seems to me then that the greatest field of usefulness, both from the point of alleviation of misery and from the aspect of aiding and assisting the provisional government of Russia in establishing order should be in efforts to alleviate the condition of the destitute in the big centres of population of Russia. The Government has grave problems confronting it. As long as one can keep the Slav temperament below the boiling point the danger of trouble in the big cities is largely removed. Tens of thousands of people can suffer moderately in the privacy of their homes without becoming in any way a menace to the stability of the Government. The danger point is reached only when these people gather in the streets demanding food and forming endless lines before the bread and other shops where necessities of life can be secured. It is to these discontented and hard-pressed ones that the German agitators have made their appeals. The Red Cross of America and other foreign organizations for relief can do no more useful and patriotic duty, either at home or abroad, than in organizing an efficient system which will prevent the formation of these lines. There seems no unsurmountable obstacle for the organization in Russia of a system of relief which will do for the destitute in the big cities in Russia what the Hoover Commission has done for Belgium and for France. It should be made impossible for starving people to congregate in Russia. Motor lorries distributing packages of food bearing such captions as "Russo-American Relief" or "From Free America to Free Russia," could daily break up these lines as fast as they gathered. It would be impossible for the German propaganda to discredit American motives in Petrograd, Moscow, and Kiev when generosity was feeding and saving Russian thousands. The food and fuel menace this winter is certain, and if the Allies ignore this menace and fail to exert every effort humanly possible to relieve it they have not in a full measure fulfilled their duty to their eastern Ally. The fate of Russia in the war may be at stake. It is not necessary to point out to American readers that if Russia, submerged in internal miseries, drifts out of the war, American troops and American lives in France must pay the price. If we save Russia to the Cause this winter, and in the spring her armies are restored to their former efficiency, we can, without undue optimism, hope for the end of this war carnage by January 1, 1919. If Russia fails there is no military decision in sight for at least two years, or until time when America can bring to bear her supremacy in human material. The saving of Russia then becomes a problem which represents not only the alleviation of the suffering and the misery of an ally to whom we owe great moral obligations for services performed in the past, but it primarily represents the conserving of thousands of American lives and billions of dollars of American wealth.

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the one thing Mr. Thomas Atkins demands is amusement. If it is not pro-upply it himself; and if it is, he is not in the least bashful in voicing his ertainment and the performer. In short, Tommy in the Trenches has little the Gallery Gods at home.

NTERTAINING TOMMY

BY

J. GRANT ALLEN

oon as the training their appearance, Mr. kins started insistent creasing demands for ınd en tertainment when

ıkes his pleasures in a ıe Canadians especially the end of a long day's mselves into small par-en men for the purpose he procedure is simple themselves with a sup-p to the enemy's lines, h some German officers and amuse themselves own into the midst of utons. Unfortunately nat sinister, occupation, t the front, is impracd of training, and it has ary to make other and ts to while away Tom-

soldiers falls naturally ements in theatres and ys are already running; ; amusements in train-nts in France.

ıe British soldiers are ently, unquenchable. h he is especially heir, e than that he should n this calamity leaves , but positively cheer-bout his affliction.

atre, in London, some ere placed at the disd been blinded in the the curtain their adth pleasure tempered of the sightless heroes endurably distressing. lt that the display of broad humor in the face of those who had suffered such deprivation was scarcely decent. All such doubts, however, were quickly dispelled by the arrival of the guests. A roystering, good humored, and, it must be confessed, extremely noisy party, some two hundred strong, entered the theatre and proceeded to exchange playful badinage from box to box with that freedom from self consciousness which is the distinguishing mark of the rank and file. Hilarity reached its climax when Mr. Robert Hale, one of the leading Review comedians of England, was indulging in some of his most amusing witticisms. The scene was interrupted by a voice exclaiming in stentorian tones plainly audible throughout the theatre, "'Ere, Bill, chuck us over yer opera glasses: This bloke sounds funny but I can't see a bloomin' thing!"

Mr. Otto Kahn, no less prominent in Europe as a philanthropist than on this side of the Atlantic, has generously turned over his London home for use as a hospital for blinded soldiers, and I was privileged to attend a performance of a comedy which was given for them there one evening in the summer of 1916.

The play chosen was of course one which relied on the spoken word rather than on action and the audience as a whole was most appreciative. The reception given the artists went far to dispel that nervousness which the unusual circumstances attending the performance had aroused. A large hall had been suitably arranged for the occasion and things were going merrily as a marriage bell when one of the audience, probably with a view to showing off his proficiency to outsiders, groped his way to a table and began to manipulate a typewriter. The effect on the leading lady of his tick, tick, ticking on the machine was immediate and pronounced. Unable to collect her thoughts in face of so unusual an interruption she hesitated, tripped haltingly in saying her lines, and finally stopped altogether. Fortunately the

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stage manager rose to the occasion. Instead of prompting he walked quietly but quickly onto the stage, handed the lady his prompt copy, and the play thereafter continued an even course, the artists reading from the manuscript wherever the literary activities of the persistent typist threatened to drive all words from their minds.

It is however neither in the regular theatre nor in hospital, but in those theatres which have been especially erected for his use in or near training camps that the best idea of Tommy in his leisure hours may be obtained. Never was audience more appreciative; never was audience with more pronounced prejudices.

Generally speaking, the English soldier likes humor, adores sentiment, and loathes anything, in the theatre, at least, with even the vaguest reference to the war, the army, or any of the incidents of his daily life. The only exception to this is the song or story in which military life is viewed from an entirely comedy standpoint. Even here, however, there are limits. The burlesquing of an officer or a uniform appeals to his sense of humor. Nevertheless in using such material the would-be entertainer is on dangerous ground, for at any moment the soldier audience may decide that the King's uniform is being held up to ridicule or the service unduly disparaged and give vent to its displeasure in no uncertain terms.

The most popular items in the camp entertainments given in England always included an element of competition in which the soldier himself could take part. Yukio Tani, a famous Japanese wrestler, who would challenge each and all of the thirty thousand men at Deepcut Camp, near Aldershot, and pay five pounds (twenty-five dollars) to any one who could stay with him for five minutes, was an outstanding success; and such things as sack-carrying competitions and even comic singing contests never failed to draw crowds of both spectators and competitors.

On the other hand, such ditties as "We Don't Want to Lose You," "Soldiers of the King" and even after the first few months the famous "It's a Long Way to Tipperary," would be tolerated in silence for only a few minutes; if persisted in, they would put the audience in an uproar of disapproval.

In many camps soldiers were to be found who in civilian life had been in the Amusement business and these generally proved a considerable attraction. In particular I call to mind a man who had been a professional conjuror of considerable repute and who, by permission of the Colonel, was engaged to perform for a week in the theatre of the camp to which he belonged. On the first night he appeared the Colonel and officers of the regiment happened to be present with their wives. It was evident that some joke was afoot and the audience manifested the keenest excitement directly the turn was announced. The artist acquitted himself nobly and scored the hit of the evening. When from the hat of the Colonel's wife he produced a rabbit, Tommy giggled delightedly, when he made a joke in his patter about the people the mules ought to kick, he laughed; but when he abstracted a lady's handkerchief and a powder puff from the Colonel's breast pocket Tommy's delight knew no bounds, and the hush produced by the magician's temerity was succeeded by an Homeric roar. On his retirement he was hailed with vociferous applause and as it subsided a voice from the back of the theatre solicitously enquired "And what did you do in the Great War, Daddy?"

The irrelevance of the question may well surprise the American reader but its explanation is of considerable interest as showing that the British soldier is inclined to take himself a good deal less seriously than the stay-at-homes for whom he is fighting. At the beginning of the war among the many posters issued to arouse patriotic enthusiasm was one of a little girl climbing onto her father's knee. Underneath the picture stood the legend, "And what did you do in the Great War, Daddy?" The implication was, of course, that the man who failed to do his bit, as the phrase goes, now, would be ashamed to face his children in the future. This may have been good enough for the British public; it most emphatically was not good enough for the British soldier, and the words have become a slogan of ridicule wherever Tommies are gathered together.

In his treatment of the people who entertain him Mr. Atkins is as whole-hearted as in charging the enemy, and the camp performer requires among other qualities the digestion of an ostrich. Not only do the officers of the regiment entertain royally all who come to amuse the troops but a heavy luncheon in the officers' quarters must generally be followed by a visit to the sergeants' mess; while during the performance the Tommies themselves do their utmost as hosts, providing in the impromptu

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green room, which is always an important feature of the accommodation they offer to artists, sandwiches, cocoa, coffee, cakes and sweets, while a popular performer will find his (or her) motor car loaded with vegetables, groceries, regimental souveniers and trophies of every conceivable kind. Certain it is that a month's work in camp has left many an artist with digestion permanently impaired by the hospitality he has sustained.

The phrase to enjoy oneself is familiar to all of us. The Camp theatre furnishes a pronounced justification for its use. Emphatically what Tommy most enjoys is himself, and those items on the programme in which he can take part always meet with the most certain approval. I have already spoken of the competitions in which he delights to participate. Another certain draw is to be found in the chorus song. Tommy will fill his lungs, throw out his chest, and yell a popular chorus at the top of his voice, and then, delighted at his own prowess, demand innumerable encores.

In this connection it is interesting to recall one of the soldier performers who achieved such success that special permission was given him to make a kind of tour of several surrounding theatres. This individual, hitherto unknown as an entertainer, came to the manager of one of the camp theatres on Salisbury plain and begged to be given a a chance. Questioned as to his previous experience he admitted that it was non-existent, but so great was his importunity that he was at length allowed to appear at a single performance with a view to ascertaining his ability. The men of his regiment were agog with excitement and it was abundantly manifest that the full house which greeted his début was actuated by motives of derision rather than admiration. The appearance of their fellow soldier clad in an imposing, if obviously hired, dress suit was the signal for an outburst of applause of a suspiciously cordial character. From audience to management no one but the performer himself had the least confidence in the outcome of his experiment. Subsequent events proved this particular individual to be a psychologist and amply justified in his conclusions. Disdaining the cat-calls, laughter, and shouts of "Is that you H-h-orace?" "Does yer mother know yer out?" "Where did you get that hat?" and the inevitable and already quoted "And what did you do in the Great War, Daddy?" he advanced to the footlights, waited for quiet and said: "I'm sure, Ladies and Gentlemen, we all like the old songs best; let us sing 'Sweet Rosie O'Grady.' The pianist struck up the chorus; the performer sang the first two or three bars and then stood stock still and allowed his audience to do the work for him. From this he passed to several other popular ditties and finally got his hearers on their feet rapturously yelling "God Save the King" of which they gave more than one encore, while the protagonist of this curious item on the programme bowed himself off amid thunders of applause—his sole contribution to the turn having been the singing of the first few bars of half a dozen choruses.

So great is the soldier's enjoyment of his own singing that the impromptu concerts given almost daily in the Y.M.C.A. huts are among the most successful of the many activities of that body, while more than one camp theatre entertainment has ended in the official pianist being ousted from his seat by a musically inclined soldier who, when the manager's eyes were turned in another direction, has established himself at the piano by main force and thereafter dominated the musical side of the entertainment.

For plays Tommy cares not at all and, with the single exception of a troop of barn stormers with a portable theatre on Salisbury plain, no bona fide dramatic performances have survived more than a week or so of camp life. Presumably the drama proper demands more sustained attention than the soldier, after his hard day's work, is willing to give. But this explanation does not help one to understand why he should fail to respond to the call of the moving picture.

In the daytime he wants out-of-door sports; in the evening variety shows, singing, and, of course, boxing. He would rather, moreover, see one of his own regiment boxing than the most famous professional ornaments of the ring, and he would apparently rather listen to his own voice than to those of the sweetest singers in Europe.

To sum up, Tommy is his own best entertainer and goes to his theatre with the same determination to do his bit in the gentle sphere of amusement as he displays in carrying a trench or chasing a retreating Hun. He knows what he wants and insists on getting it. Please God he may soon be cracking his jokes and singing his choruses as he strolls victorious down the *Unter den Linden!*

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"MR. CHAIRMAN, I MOVE TO ——"

The elementary rules of parliamentary law for the proper conduct of meetings for Red Cross chapters or other organizations

(These rules are condensed from a volume, entitled "Primer of Parliamentary Law," by Joseph T. Robert)

TO CONDUCT a business meeting in an effective and systematic manner one should be familiar with the elemental rules of parliamentary law for such procedure, but unfortunately the great majority of persons have not the remotest idea of these rules. They have a vague notion that a motion must be made and seconded but how to set about doing this and how to have the motion voted on is decidedly hazy. They realize in a haphazard sort of way that a person must have the floor to make a speech but how to get the said floor is also somewhat of a mystery. Consequently, many meetings develop into noisy gatherings where each member endeavors to express his own views at the same time and much effort and a great deal of speech, not to mention the loss of energy occasioned by the speaker's constant use of the gavel, goes to waste.

HAVE YOU EVER TRIED TO HOLD A MEETING?
IT IS NOT AS EASY AS IT LOOKS, BUT A FEW SIMPLE RULES, SUCH AS THESE, WILL ENABLE YOU TO HOLD ONE IN AN EFFECTIVE AND BUSINESS-LIKE WAY.

With a view to aiding members of the Red Cross to conduct their meetings in an orderly fashion and thus obtain a maximum result, the following rules may be helpful.

I. ORGANIZATION OF THE MEETING

1. A meeting should be called to order by some one appointed by the persons who have called the meeting together.

2. The person calling a meeting to order is Acting Chairman and has all the powers belonging to such an office, until a Chairman is elected.

3. After a meeting is called to order by the Acting Chairman, the first business is the election of a Chairman, always.

4. As soon as a Chairman is elected, he should at once come forward and assume office.

5. The next business is the election of a Secretary and of such other officers as may be desired.

II. MAKING AND SECONDING A MOTION

1. Obtain the floor before making a speech.

2. To obtain the floor rise, address the Chair and wait until recognized.

3. Address the Chair as "Mr. Chairman," or "Mrs. (Miss or Madam) Chairman" if a lady.

4. The Chair "recognizes" a person by naming, bowing or otherwise designating the member.

5. Having obtained the floor say: "I move——" adding the motion in its simplest form, e. g., "I move to adjourn."

6. In seconding a motion do not rise, but remain seated and say, without addressing the Chair or waiting for recognition, "I second the motion."

III. RESOLUTIONS

1. Resolutions should be written out, read and handed to the Chairman.

2. To adopt a resolution requires only a majority vote — that is, a majority of the members voting on the question, not a majority of all the members nor of the members present.

3. When one resolution is before an assembly another one cannot be introduced until the first has been put to a vote or else temporarily disposed of by being referred to a committee, or postponed.

4. If a member wishes to force the pending resolution or motion to a vote the best course is to move the Previous Question, as "I move the Previous Question."

5. The Previous Question applies only to

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AMENDMENTS

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It should be answered at once by the Cha

VI. A POINT OF ORDER

1. The object of a Point of Order is to
vent or rectify the violation of a rule,
by-law or constitution.

2. A Point of Order can be raised wha
business is before the assembly and whil
other member has the floor.

3. Before stating a Point of Order a me
should rise and say, "Mr. Chairman, I ris
point of order," without waiting for rec
tion by the Chair. The latter then req
the member to "State the Point of Order

4. A Point of Order cannot be amended
bated and does not require a second.

5. The Chairman should promptly dec
"Point of Order" as soon as it is raised.

VII. TO LAY ON THE TABLE

1. The object of this motion is to put a
tion aside for the time so that it can aga
taken up at any time the assembly wishes.

2. To Lay on the Table is not in order
another member has the floor.

3. The following questions cannot be la
the table.

(a) To adjourn
(b) To fix the time to adjourn
(c) To lay on the table.
(d) Orders of the day, although these
be tabled one at a time.
(e) Questions as to the priority of
ness.
(f) To take from the table.

4. To Lay on the Table cannot be ame
or debated.

VIII. TO ADJOURN

1. A motion to adjourn takes preced
over all other Parliamentary Questions b
not in order while another member has
floor; while a motion to reconsider is
made; while the Chair is stating a questi
ruling, or while any voting is in progress.

2. A member must obtain the floor b
moving to adjourn.

3. To adjourn must be seconded and ca
be amended or debated.

4. If Adjourn is carried the Chair shou
announcing the result, state the time fo
next meeting: while if the motion is lost,
ness proceeds as it was before the move
made.

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"ON EARTH PEACE AMONG MEN OF GOOD WILL"

A Wartime Christmas Sermon

BY

ALVA MARTIN KERR

WHILE the shepherds were keeping their flocks by night on the hills of Judea, a chorus of angels appeared unto them and sang; "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men of good will." Since then, whenever and wherever that carol has been sung, the one note which always has been sounded big and strong in it is its promise of peace among men. This is one of the most significant facts of human history; for it reveals how deep and inherent is the longing for peace in the heart of humanity. Wherever the Christmas story has been told, "Peace" has become the sweetest tone in music, the kindest word in literature, the finest work of art. Poets have sung of it, philosophers have praised it, statesmen and reformers have devised plans to compel its coming. The churches have prayed for peace among the nations, the dreamers have prophesied the glory of the time when the sword shall be beaten into plowshares—and throughout the world all people have knelt at their firesides and prayed that it might speedily come. For twenty centuries it has been the hope and the longing perennial in the soul of man.

And yet peace has not come!

Maybe it is because our anxious hearts have not understood the nature of peace. We speak of it as if it were some distinctive substance, an element of origin within itself. We sing of it as some trait of human nature. We pray for it as some specific gift or blessing that can be delivered out of the hand of God to his suffering children at his own good pleasure. But peace is like none of these things, and can come in no such way.

Peace is not a factor; it is a condition. Peace is not a cause; it is a result. Peace is not an act, or a series of acts; it is a passivity. Peace is not a feeling; it is the fruit of a feeling. Peace can not be legislated or coerced. It can not be attained by longing for it, or praying for it, or reaching out to apprehend it. For such a peace is always an elusive thing, a deceitful thing—neither genuine nor lasting. We have labored and agitated to produce it; but when it comes, it will come silently, sweetly, irresistibly. Remember the lilies, how they grow. They come simply, naturally, perfectly—because they comply with the conditions which alone can produce lilies. And peace among men and nations can come only in the same way.

"And on earth, peace." We have been so concerned for it that we have overlooked the rest of that song. "Among men of good will." The world has never been taught much about that part of it. We have fatally erred in that we have expected the promise—nay ever demanded the promise—to be fulfilled the while we have mostly ignored the sole condition on which it was given. We have put forth far greater effort to compel peace than we have to create good

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kindly dealing. We have tried far harder to adjust har-
ng interests of selfish and spiteful classes and races than we
asses and races into one common humanity. We have had
ut the worth of love than we have about the worth of those
e loving. We have praised the strong much more than we
nd. It is as if we had spent our life-time in eulogizing health
ed every law of hygiene.

urope was no accident. It was the inevitable outcome of
enturies old, material ambition, international distrust and
rverted and utterly selfish idea of national relationships. The
ly failed to find a basis for peace. It must be supplanted by
dy more sweeping and fundamental than a few peace schemes.
s, disarmaments—such programmes will fail, as they always
there comes to be good will among all classes and peoples.
ing, friction and misunderstanding will increase and grievances
il the final break must come.

mankind is sick of this great blunder. The one great world-
y is that after this there must be no more war. It is America's
tunity. The superlative service which we can render the world
nen it is ended, to emerge from it with absolute good feeling and
iction that the heart of the common people of every nation is
and toward each other. It is for us to show that there can be
force with force in genuine good will—truly seeking the good of
hom we fight because they are also included in the number of
we fight.

t conviction that the heart of the common people is right toward
and finer application of the Christmas carol. The Red Cross is
itted to interpret it to the world. It is the one universal organiz-
nterwoven into the heart-fibre of every nation, down to its re-
. It has endeared itself to every people. It knows no distinction
or, or class, or religion.

genius of the Red Cross enables it be become a mighty factor in
he world to its own best self. The Red Cross is infinitely more
charitable organization to minister to the unfortunate. It is the
of universal good will. It is the incarnation of the great and good
It is the expression of the deeper and finer kinship of humanity.
kind brought together in one of its best and kindest moods. It is
approach that we have yet made to practising the Christmas spirit
among all nations and races and peoples.

re days ladened with destiny. They call loud for the big of heart.
me for littleness and meanness and class antipathy and racial bitter-
im who can not bear injustice without growing vindictive, and suffer
in the spirit of forgiveness, and fight and fight hard without hatred,
nd apart and give room to those of larger mind and finer heart in the
when the sword is broken, and the cannon are stilled, and the storm
as ceased, the reign of peace on earth will be ushered in if we shall
t enough of the world to meet the greatness of this hour with the
f good will!

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FIGHTING THE PLAGUE IN RUMANIA

How an American Doctor Devised a Bath Train to combat the Typhus Plague. Converting Oil Tank Cars into Cross-Country Laundries

BY

C. B. DE FOREST, M.D.

I WAS attached to a surgical unit of the British Red Cross, which was passing through Jassy—the seat of the Rumanian Government since the capture of Bucharest by the Germans. *Typhus Exanthematous*, a most obnoxious and fatal form of eruptive fever, was raging at its height, with the hospitals unable to cope with it.

To indicate the fatality of this form of Typhus it might be mentioned that more than two hundred Rumanian and French doctors died of it in a few months' time. The total harvest amongst the people will never be known. At the time I became interested, the most evil spot in Jassy was the Evacuation Station. In one room, forty feet square, were crowded three to four hundred ill and wounded soldiers. The authorities were able to evacuate between fifty and one hundred patients daily, but this number was but small in comparison to the vast number of incoming sufferers.

One Rumanian doctor and myself took charge of the Evacuation Station; we were given a free hand and had the valuable support of Her Majesty, Queen Marie of Rumania, and of Doctor Cantacuzino, the Minister of Sanitation. I was particularly interested in bathing and disinfecting the patients, for I saw that this was most necessary to prevent the spread of both Typhus and Intermittent Fever. Now these two diseases are transmitted by the body louse and the flea, and to destroy these insects and their eggs, it was necessary to bathe the patients and disinfect their clothes on entering the station. For this purpose we needed bathing facilities.

So I immediately started the construction of a bathing and disinfecting train for the Sanitary department. This was to be moved from place to place were Typhus was prevalent and also for places where no bathing and disinfecting facilities existed. The train consists of one third class four-axled coach, one small coach, seven goods wagons, each provided with end doors, three petrol wagons and one locomotive. In the first two wagons the benches are arranged in rows along the length of the coach. Here the infected civilian is received and undressed. His clothes are placed in individual numbered sacks and a duplicate number given to each person. He then enters into the third wagon, which is provided with a metal floor and benches arranged lengthwise as in the first one. Here he has his head and body shaved. Next is the bathing coach, a converted third class carriage, containing sixty douches, thirty on either side, which are provided with hot and cold water heated by two steam contrivances. At the end of this coach there are two cupboards for the storing of bathing supplies. After being well bathed, the patient enters in order the next two wagons, which are constructed similarly to the first two, and here he receives his disinfected clothes, is dressed, and then discharged.

Ahead of the dressing cars comes the disinfecting car converted from a petrol tank car. This disinfector was constructed by closing the dome of the tank and providing the ends of the tank with doors. The internal equipment consists of two cages, mounted upon trucks, which are drawn out to facilitate the loading and unloading of clothes. A steam heater dries the contents. The clothes are taken from the first wagon and placed in the disinfector, where they are subjected to steam, under pressure, for a period of half an hour; then they are taken to the dressing cars. The locomotive provides steam for the bath and the disinfector, as well as for the locomotion of the train. In addition there are two tank wagons for water, a kitchen, and stores wagon, and a staff coach.

The train has the capacity of bathing and disinfecting one hundred and twenty civilians an hour and the staff consists of one officer, one sergeant, and twenty sanitars working under a director.

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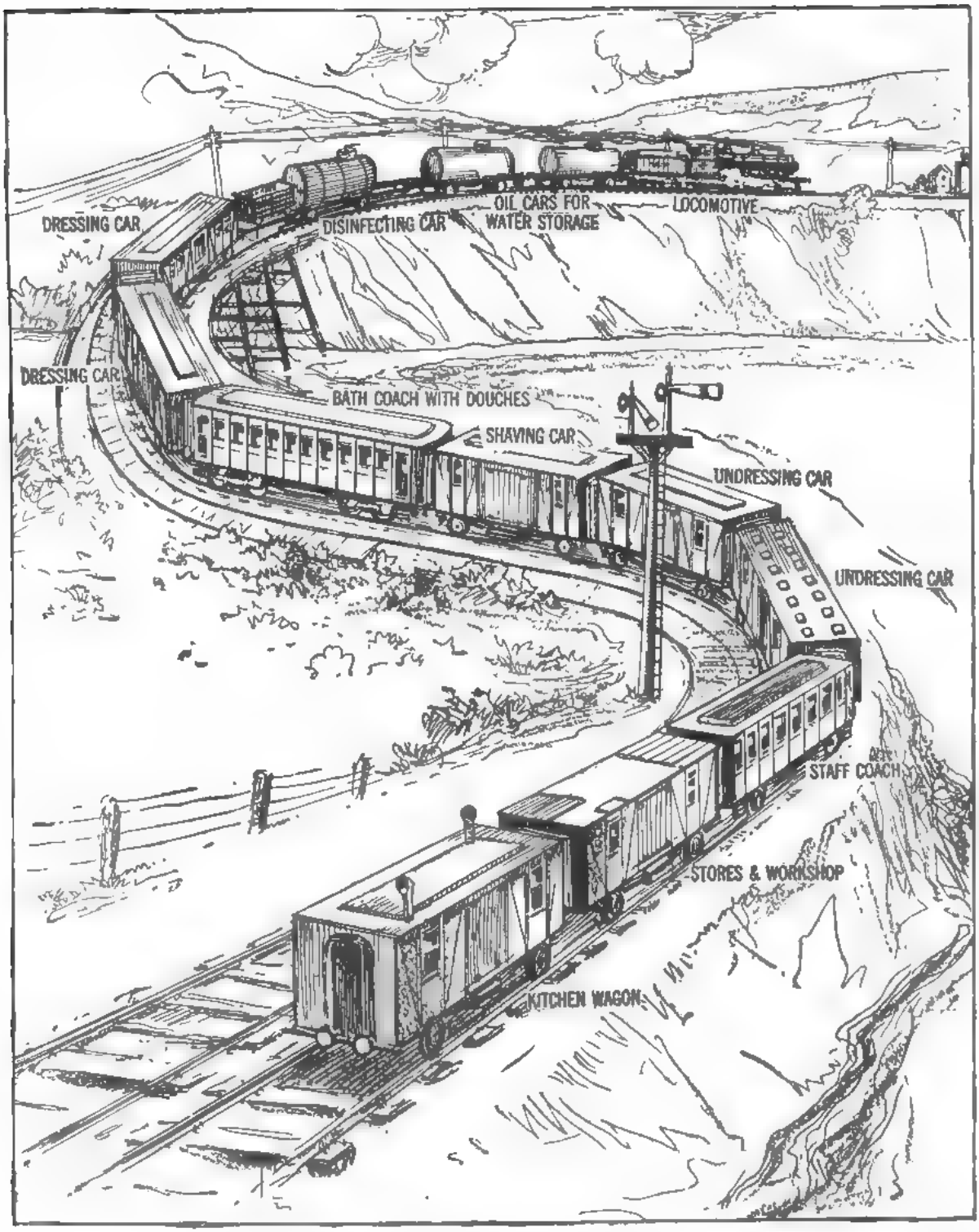

A BATH TRAIN TO COMBAT TYPHUS

Devised by an American doctor in Rumania and operated under his supervision, in the remote parts of the country where proper sanitary appliances were lacking. One of the means whereby a plague of typhus fever was successfully overcome

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THE CHRISTMAS SEALS THAT SAVE

Driving the White Plague from "Consumption Alley." The Red Cross Seals Combat Tuberculosis

BY

GARRET SMITH

(Former Executive Secretary of the Rochester Public Health Association)

GILES HUDSON, president and manager of the Eureka Clothing Company, was indignant. The cause was a letter he held in his capable hand.

In the centre of the letterhead shone a double Red Cross. At each corner was a red and green seal, a snow-laden Christmas Tree surrounded by holiday greetings. A little packet of these seals lay on his desk where they had fallen along with a stamped return envelope and an illustrated folder.

"I told those fellows once there was nothing doing," he muttered. "I contributed to the Red Cross last spring. Then their walking delegate the other day wanted me to buy a hundred dollars' worth o' these fake postage stamps that I've got no use for! Now they're going to pester me with letters to get me to buy a dollar's worth. Nothing doing!"

The "walking delegate" was the solicitor for the Red Cross Seal Committee, a bright young woman who had tried to explain the great mission the Christmas seals were performing in preventing the spread of one of the great plagues that flourish most vigorously in countries at war. Mr. Hudson hadn't even listened to her.

Angrily he gathered up the letter and its contents to toss them in the waste basket. As he did so a young man passed the door. He was pale. He was stoop-shouldered, and shambled along lifelessly. Mr. Hudson frowned. Then some vague recollection made him glance again at the leaflet in his hand. On the cover was a cut of an emaciated man who reminded him somehow of Max, the employee who had just passed.

Max had for sometime been on the manager's dubious list. Hudson had noted grimly that the young fellow had lost interest in his work. He was slow and increasingly inefficient. He was taking an unusual amount of "sick leave." The quotation marks are Hudson's. In short, he had Max slated to go with the next slack season.

Then the draft came along and Hudson had hoped the army would absorb his drones. But for some reason they exempted Max. The manager had been too disgusted even to inquire why.

Again he looked at the little picture in his hand. He thought of Max from a new angle. Under the picture was this significant caption:

"This man is a wretched sufferer from one of the most deadly and infectious of diseases! Does he live in your home? Does he work in your place of business? If so, he is a menace to you! There are 2,500 such victims in your city. What do you propose to do about it?"

Hudson read this over again more thoughtfully then stepped to the door.

"Max!" he called. "I want to see you."

The young man entered half fearfully. Hudson wasn't a hard boss, as bosses go, but underlings were seldom called into the inner office unless something serious was afoot.

"Haven't been feeling first rate lately have you, Max?" began the manager a little awkwardly.

"No, I ain't, as a matter of fact, boss," replied the man haltingly. Was this preliminary to being discharged? "Ain't had's much life in me as usual all summer, but guess I'll feel all right now the weather's gittin' cooler. I'll try to brace up now, boss."

Did you know that a little piece of paper, only one by one and a half inches, has paid for a clinic for tuberculosis victims, established a sanatorium for their care and maintains an open air school where children exposed to the disease may receive proper attention?

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THE CLINIC

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rculosis sanatorium. This
spital in the country where

victims of the plague are cared for without charge and given every chance to get well without running the risk of giving the disease to others. Max objected that he didn't want to go to a charity hospital. He was told that this was not a charity, that the county put tuberculosis victims there to protect the rest of the people just as much as to help the sick.

"But," Max insisted, "we have two children. We can't leave them."

"I'll attend to that, Max," Hudson broke in. "I'll see that the boys have a good boarding place while you're away and when you are well and come back to work you can pay me a little at a time. Anyhow, it's not your fault you're sick. By George, I'll keep up your pay while you're out there. Now do as the doctor tells you if you want your job back."

"Yes," added the doctor, "and to-morrow I'll send my nurse over to help your wife get ready to go. She'll bring your boys into the clinic in the afternoon so we can see if they need any care."

After the patients had gone Hudson had a long session with the head doctor. He learned that the clinic had been started five years before and was supported entirely by Red Cross Christmas Seal Funds.

"This is the clearing house," the doctor explained. "Our visiting nurses go into the homes wherever they hear of suspicious cases and get them to come here for examination. When we find anybody with the disease we get them into the sanatorium. At first there was no sanatorium. We tried caring for them in their homes. It wasn't successful. They need constant attention in surroundings their homes don't afford. In their homes they continue to infect others. The ordinary hospitals aren't the places for such cases even if they'd take them.

WHAT THE SEALS DID

"So we took some of our Red Cross Seal money one year and opened a little sanatorium in tents. At the end of the year we got the county to take it over and build a real sanatorium. We have a good one now, with 250 beds. It should have 500 beds, though. You see we're only scratching the surface now. We're handling 500 cases a year in our clinic and there are at least a thousand in the city that need us. We ought to have twice as many nurses and be able to canvass the city thoroughly by districts."

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"Now, this street that Max lives in," Mr. Hudson continued. "Have you any other cases from that street? I looked my payroll over today and find I have twenty hands living in that district. Max says that a lot of his neighbors have consumption. They even call their street Consumption Alley!"

The doctor ran over the card index of active cases.

"No," he reported. "These are our first cases from there. You see the point? We need more nurses. We haven't reached Consumption Alley yet!"

"How much more do you need?" asked the visitor.

URGENT FUTURE NEEDS

"At least $5,000 a year more than we've been raising. We can get it all from Red Cross Seals if we can make the people understand as you are beginning to understand. You see this is a war year. We have an especially big job ahead. Experience in France and other warring countries shows that the hardships of military life mean a big outbreak of tuberculosis. Soldiers come down with it in the trenches by the thousands. They are sent home and infect their families and neighbors. We're trying to prevent that in this country. The National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis is helping in this matter. We want to be able to coöperate with the Department of Civilian Relief of the Red Cross in giving proper care to every man refused by the army medical examiners on account of this disease and every soldier discharged for the same reason.

"Their families will need medical attention, too. It'll take a lot of money. We're banking on the Red Cross Seals to raise it."

"I tell you what I'll do," declared Giles Hudson. "I'll get two or three of my brother manufacturers who haven't waked up yet either and we'll call for you in my car some day next week. I want you to show us what you're doing and want to do. If you've got the goods, we'll underwrite that other $5,000. We'll plaster this town with Red Cross Seals. We'll clean up Consumption Alley!"

Giles Hudson kept his word. Out on a high hill near the city they found a group of well-built brick pavilions. Here 250 stricken men, women and children were receiving under the best conditions the only known cures for the Great White Plague—open air, night and day, sunshine, rest, and plenty of good food.

Max and his wife were already established here and happy in their new surroundings. The wife, who was quite weak, was obliged to spend most of her time in bed on a broad, sunny veranda. Max, however, was able to do some light work on the farm belonging to the sanatorium. He was happy in the thought that he could help pay their way.

"Of course," the superintendent explained, "we don't cure them all by any means. A lot of them don't get here till it's too late. When we get more nurses at the clinic downtown we'll get the patients earlier and save more of them. Our country nurses are beginning to canvass the rural districts, too, and are getting more early cases from there.

"But, remember, the deaths don't represent wasted effort by any means. Every time a case dies here instead of at home it means that for a little time at least we've kept him from infecting others, that probably one or more other persons, usually children, have been saved from the disease."

LOOKING AFTER THE CHILDREN

In the children's pavilions Hudson found Max's oldest boy Max, Jr. The doctors at the clinic had found that the lump on the boy's neck was a tubercular gland. Before sending him here they had removed some bad tonsils and had his teeth attended to at the Clinic. Little Max spent part of every day taking the new sun cure with some thirty other little youngsters. Some lay in bed with their bodies exposed to the noon-day sun, getting their first coat of tan, a little at a time, so as not to burn them. Others were playing in the yard. There was an open air school, too, for those well enough to study. Little Max was already enrolled there and the teacher said he would probably be ahead of his grade by the time he was cured and ready to go back to public school.

From the sanatorium the doctor took his visitor across the city to another big open building, mostly windows that were kept open practically all the time.

"Here's another open air school that is supported entirely by Red Cross Seals. We've sent Max's other boy here. He hasn't actually got tuberculosis but he's been exposed at home and probably has the infection in his system. He had bad tonsils and was poorly nourished. If he'd spent another winter in a

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EALS

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pioneer work. It's a big circle that includes every segment of our city life: home, school, business places. We begin with the youngsters, before they have caught the disease if possible. The nurses in the schools and the infant health stations pass over to our clinic those who are below par physically. We examine every corner of their small bodies, patch them up, when necessary, and then, if we've caught them in time, get them into our open air school and finish the preventive work. If not we send them to the sanatorium and cure them if we can. At least we prevent others from catching their trouble.

"A second part of the work is the searching of the homes by the visiting nurses, getting active cases out of them into the sanatorium and teaching the rest how to live so as to avoid infection and its results. Additional work is the surveying of factories and other business places, getting them to standardize the health conditions under which their employees work, and if possible get the proprietors to hire doctors and nurses to give their employees regular physical examinations and teach them to take proper care of themselves.

"Another segment and perhaps the most important is educational publicity in the newspapers, pamphlets, lectures and moving-pictures, to teach the people to appreciate our work and support it with their money and a demand for proper sanitary laws properly enforced, and, more important still, to live so as to minimize as far as possible the danger of disease. We want to create a general demand among our taxpayers for such work as we're doing so that the city will in the end support all such work.

"And so," he concluded, "You see why we consider these Christmas seals important."

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FACTS AND FALLACIES

ALMOST every day there come into the office letters from all over the United States; letters the general tone of which runs as follows:

"We have heard that sweaters and mufflers, which we knit for our soldiers and sailors and send to the Red Cross for them, are being sold to the men. We can hardly believe this."

Nor can we, and what is more we don't, for we know such absurd statements are untrue, and evidently the work of persons hostile to the Red Cross and no doubt to the United States itself. Mr. Harvey D. Gibson, General Manager of the Red Cross, makes the statement:

"A story is being circulated to the effect that sweaters, socks, and other articles knitted for the Red Cross are being sold, either to the public in shops or direct to the soldiers. This is emphatically not true. No articles whatever, either knitted or otherwise made by Red Cross workers and turned into any Red Cross Chapter, Branch, or Auxiliary, or to any supply warehouse, are sold either to the soldiers or in shops.

"If any wilful case of this sort should come to the attention of headquarters, the Charter of the Red Cross Chapter or subsidiary sanctioning it would be immediately withdrawn with full publicity. Should it transpire that an actual instance of the above character occurred wherein an individual sold articles after their having been turned in to the Red Cross, such action would be clearly in violation of the fundamental law covering the Red Cross, and we would take vigorous steps to prosecute the offender."

"It is also true that any case of persons, other than those acquiring the right prior to January, 1905, using the name or emblem of the Red Cross to assist in the sale of merchandise, is a violation of the provisions of the federal criminal law, and the offender should be reported to the United States district attorney for prosecution.

"There is no way to prevent people from making the same type of articles as are produced by Red Cross workers and selling them for their own advantage, thus subjecting the Red Cross to unjust criticism. Should they use the name or emblem of the Red Cross in connection with such sales, however, they will be vigorously prosecuted."

Another constant visitor is a postcard containing a short prayer to be said for nine days and sent to nine friends for them to go and do likewise! If this is done some great happiness is to be expected; but if it is not—well nothing is threatened, but a lot left to the imagination.

"What shall I do with this?" writes a subscriber, "and has the Red Cross sanctioned such a chain?" The answer to the first question is easy. Do as we have done—and will continue to do—throw it in the waste-paper basket. The answer to the second is likewise simple. The Red Cross has never sanctioned such a chain prayer and no doubt never will.

Another question that seems to trouble many is the report of $50,000 salaries being paid to leading officials of the Red Cross. When we consider that men like Mr. Henry P. Davison, Mr. John D. Ryan, Mr. Harvey D. Gibson, as well as the heads of the Red Cross Commissions to Europe and the majority of their staffs are serving entirely without compensation, it is not difficult to realize the absurdity of such a rumor. Indeed, the largest salary added to the payroll of the Red Cross National Headquarters since the war began was $6,000 a year, and the highest paid man received $7,500 and he was on a peace basis. Practically all the important administrative positions since war was declared—and which were the Red Cross a business corporation would pay the largest salaries—are filled by volunteers.

Then there are the infrequent, fortunately, types of rumors such as the one that the Red Cross has appropriated some $100,000 for vivisection. What has been done is to appropriate $100,000 for medical research work in France, an appropriation made at the urgent recommendation of members of General Pershing's medical staff as a means of aiding in relieving human suffering.

It would be interesting to ascertain just who the ingenious person is who is responsible for these rumors. But one thing is sure—it is the duty of every Red Cross member, if he cannot locate their source, at least to refute them and to see that they go no farther.

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Wherever Your Country Calls You WALK-OVER Shoes Are Near at Hand

Women's Economical Footwear

Created for a Purpose—Comfort and Wear

For Fashion, Style and Appearance

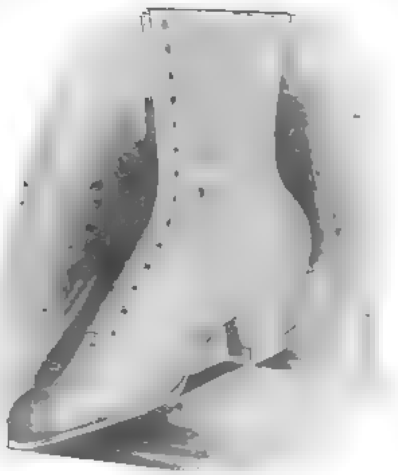
The Hawaiian Model—shown on the left. The quick graceful arch, thin high heel, slender toe and natural curving ankle line, give this model the accentuated close fitting appearance always so stylish in exclusively designed footwear of to-day.

For General Service and Every-day Wear

The Cavalier Model—shown on the right. Themedium broad heel, semi-dress toe, sensible arch, trim fitting ankle and general conservative lines make this particular model the most popular shoe for all around wear that woman herself has ever demanded.

For Hospital, Field or Duty

The Solace Model—the natural toe, low or medium, substantial heel (the medium heel is shown on the right) the ample foot room, snug and supporting ankle tops, rubber heel lifts, broad, flexible, yet light and durable soles; soft black or tan leathers, or white washable canvas; the designing and construction by skilled and painstaking men and women who are shoe makers of experience, are a few of the reasons why we have sold thousands of pairs of this Solace type to nurses and volunteers all over the world.



In New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Cleveland, Detroit, San Francisco and more than 5000 other American communities, WALK-OVER shoes are carried for you.

Principal European Stores

WALK-OVER Boot Shops

372 Oxford St., W.1, London, England—34 Boulevard des Italiens, Paris, France
34 Nevsky Prospect, Petrograd, Russia

Manufactured by The Geo. E. Keith Company, Campello, Mass.

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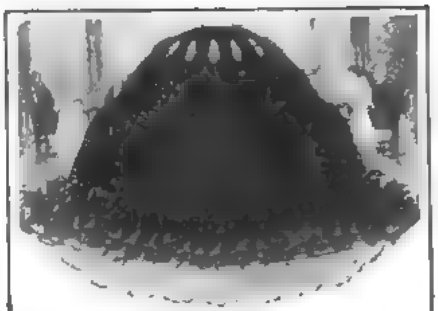

My Favorite Christmas Plum Pudding

Soak 1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine in ½ cup cold water 5 minutes. Put one pint milk in double boiler and 1½ squares unsweetened chocolate, and when scalding point is reached add 1 cup sugar, ½ teaspoonful of salt and soaked Gelatine. Remove from fire and when mixture begins to thicken add ½ teaspoonful vanilla, 1 cup seeded raisins, ½ cup of dates or figs, ½ cup candied citron or nuts and ½ cup currants. Turn into mold first dipped in cold water and chill. Remove to serving dish and garnish with holly. Serve with whipped cream sweetened and flavored with vanilla.

My Dear Housewife:

Christmas-tide again and with it the happiest days of the year.

And the longest, too, for it begins before daylight "when Christmas candles shine and children shout and shake the laden branches of the Christmas tree."

When the Christmas dinner comes and at its close a good old fashioned Knox Plum Pudding there is nothing more to be desired. I suppose you know the recipe. Thousand of housewives do, but I am printing it so that thousands of others may enjoy it this year and in the years to come.

In this somewhat personal way I pass along to you my favorite recipe and thank you for your maintained confidence in Knox Sparkling Gelatine throughout all these years. Extending to you the season's greetings, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

Mrs. Charles B. Knox.
President

FREE RECIPE BOOK

of Desserts, Salads and Xmas Candies sent for your grocer's name. If you have never used Knox Sparkling Gelatine enclose 4c for enough to make a dessert or salad.

KNOX
SPARKLING
GELATINE

475 Knox Ave. Johnstown, N. Y.

Well made ice cream benefits convalescents—and they relish it. But the cream, sugar, ice, fruit, etc. —each costs more than the flavoring. Don't risk them with inferior extracts—use Burnett's.

Your grocer can supply you with Burnett's Extracts

Burnett's Vanilla

Do your Friends get

Red Cross Magazine?

—Maybe they are only "Annual" members,—and as such do not receive this magazine.

Tell them what you think of it,—Get them to change to a subscribing membership. The magazine is worth many times the difference in cost and reading it makes any one a better member of the Red Cross.

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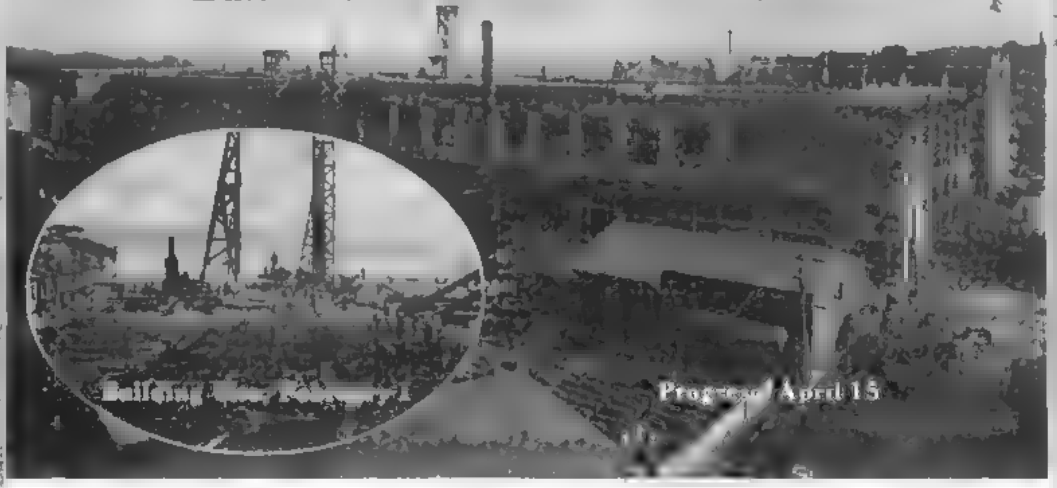
In Eleven Weeks



The photographs show eleven weeks' construction progress on a brick and structural steel factory and substation built by **Stone & Webster** for the Roessler & Hasslacher Chemical Company in Perth Amboy.

In spite of a month's delay in the delivery of structural steel, the building was finished within the original time estimate.

The manner in which this work was carried to completion attracted the attention of the owners of the property adjoining this new plant. They have given us a contract to construct a new five-story factory.

Thirty-nine per cent of our construction work completed during 1917, or now in progress, have been repeat contracts.

If your business demands the undivided attention of your operating force, we can relieve your organization of all problems of design, construction, purchase and installation of equipment.

Our book, "Building Construction," shows examples of work done in the rapid construction of shops, factories, warehouses, industrial plants, etc.

STONE & WEBSTER

NEW YORK: 120 Broadway BOSTON: 147 Milk Street CHICAGO: First National Bank Building

Please mention The Red Cross Magazine in answering advertisements

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What lies back of the brilliance of a MAZDA lamp? All the facilities of the world's greatest lamp-makers supporting the standards set by MAZDA Service. :: ::
MAZDA
"Not the name of a thing, but the mark of a service"
The Meaning of MAZDA
MAZDA is the trademark of a world-wide service to certain lamp manufacturers. Its purpose is to collect and select scientific and practical information concerning progress and developments in the art of incandescent lamp manufacturing and to distribute this information to the companies entitled to receive this Service. MAZDA Service is centered in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company at Schenectady, New York. The mark MAZDA can appear only on lamps which meet the standards of MAZDA Service. It is thus an assurance of quality. This trademark is the property of the General Electric Company.
RESEARCH LABORATORIES OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY
6540

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"NOT TO LIVE, BUT TO BE WELL, IS LIFE"

Invalids live, but they are not well.

Constipation—the retention of poisonous waste in the intestines—is the most fruitful source of occasional ill health and chronic invalidism.

Nujol relieves occasional constipation, and wards off chronic constipation. It assures you of bowel action at definite intervals. It removes waste without disturbing the system.

You can *live* without Nujol. You can restore normal regularity *with* Nujol. And if your habits are 'regular as clockwork' you will live *and* be well.

Sold only in bottles bearing the Nujol trade-mark—never in bulk.

Send 75c. and we will ship to soldiers or sailors anywhere.

At all drug stores.

Nujol

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

for Constipation

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(New Jersey)
Bayonne New Jersey

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The "SWAN" Safety Military Fount-Pen

affords, not only the convenience of an ordinary fountain pen; not only does it provide the luxury of the famous "Swan" Safety writing qualities, it offers you a convenience that is given by no other fountain pen—An ink supply, in the form of Swan Ink Tablets, which is an integral part of the pen.

A Unique Feature

The cavity at the end of the barrel is a retainer, or magazine, for SWAN INK TABLETS. It keeps them dry and whole and easily accessible with a turn of the knurled plug at the end of the barrel. This plug turns only enough to emit an ink tablet. No danger of its coming out or of its being lost.

You can fill your pen in a jiffy. Just take a tablet from the magazine, drop it into the reservoir, and fill with water. There are no loose parts—no adjustments to get out of order. It resembles in every respect, the famous "Swan" with the added feature of the ink tablet magazine, which carries sufficient ink to write 600 one-page letters.

A practical, acceptable gift for our boys and nurses at the front.

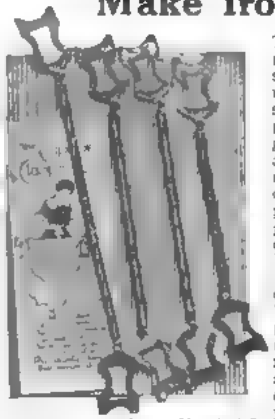
In the hospital as on the field or in the trenches it is essential that important notes, records and messages be written in ink. The "Swan" Safety Military Pen is the only pen that provides certain and convenient writing facilities.

Druggists, jewelers and stationers sell them. Or—if more convenient—mail your order direct to us. Price complete, with clip and ink tablets, $3.00.

MABIE, TODD & CO.
Dept. A, 17-19 Maiden Lane, N. Y.
209 S. State St., Chicago

For your convenience in ordering
MABIE, TODD & CO., Dept. A, 17-19 Maiden Lane, N. Y.
Gentlemen—Please send me one Swan Safety Military Fount Pen containing Ink Tablets. I enclose three dollars herewith
Name _____
Address _____

Make Ironing Easy



These simple and efficient nickel clasps with wire springs hold the cover of the ironing board smooth and steady and make ironing a pleasure. In their handsome gift box they prove a most acceptable Christmas remembrance. The set of 4 clasps with the box and the presentation card come *postpaid for 50c* to introduce our 72-page Year Book of Thoughtful Little Gifts. This is the unique gift book of America. It meets the War Emergency—enables its possessors to give real gifts rich in sentiment and brimming over with value at our attractive prices. *Book alone 6c in stamps.* It will help you amazingly. Send for it to-day

The Capable Clasps No. 1559

POHLSON GIFT SHOP, 89 Bank Bldg., Pawtucket, R. I.

Red Cross Members Should Speak French!

Every Red Cross Unit should include the study of the beautiful French language. Make your unit a language club. All members will enjoy this pleasant diversion. French, or other languages, can be learned quickly, during spare moments, or, while you are doing Red Cross work, sewing, knitting, etc.

LANGUAGE-PHONE METHOD
And Rosenthal's Practical Linguistry

With this method you simply listen to the living voice of a native professor pronounce the language, over and over, until you know it. Members can use it individually or in class. Our disc records fit all talking machines. Write for booklet and Free Trial Offer. Easy payments.

THE LANGUAGE-PHONE METHOD
968 Putnam Bldg. 2 W. 45th St., N. Y.

Keep HIM Fit with a "COMFY KIT"

Most Complete KIT on the Market!

Contains Everything Needed by the SOLDIER or SAILOR

Thousands Now Used in the ARMY & NAVY
17 Standard Articles
Safety Razor, Trench Mirror, Comb, Brush, Sewing Outfit, Soap, First-Aid Comfort, Tooth Brush & Paste Foot Powder Etc

Price Complete $5.00

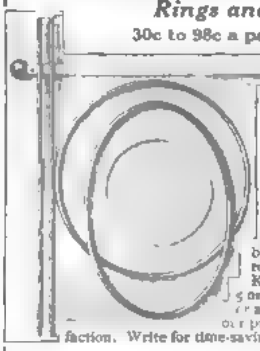
At Dealers or Direct on Receipt of Price

NATHAN NOVELTY MFG. CO. Dept. R 88 Reade St. New York

KNITTING NEEDLES 25c

Rings and Bars for Bags

30c to 98c a pair. We Pay Postage



To introduce our new line of beautiful celluloid toilet articles, desk sets, combs, hair ornaments and other useful novelties we offer these remarkable bargains of special timeliness as gifts or for personal enjoyment.

Sewing or shopping bag handle bars of gleaming white ivory celluloid, with pink, blue, purple, black or white ends, 30c a pair. Tortoise or white ivory celluloid bag rings, 8 inch diameter, round or oval, 90c a pair. Bag rings, 4 inch diameter, white, black, pink, purple or dark blue round ivory celluloid, 20c a pair.

Knitting needles, highest quality, No. 5 or 7, 14 in. long, white with black ends or amber, selling everywhere 35c or more, our price, 25c a pair. We guarantee satisfaction. Write for time-saving, money-saving catalog. Est. 1809.

J. W. Pickering & Co., Mf'rs. 101 Water St., Leominster, Mass.

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To the Readers of the

RED CROSS MAGAZINE

There have been received at the office of the RED CROSS MAGAZINE hundreds of thousands of names of subscribing members, and some people who have contributed $2.00 or more at various places are occasionally put on the list more than once. In this way they have received more than one copy of the RED CROSS MAGAZINE.

As fast as possible these duplicates have been removed from our stencils. We shall be grateful to any reader who will fill out the accompanying blank and return it to us, indicating where a duplicate copy has been sent. We are anxious that every subscribing member of the Red Cross shall have and read the magazine, and trust that it may keep them in touch with this great movement; but we do not wish to waste a single copy. We ask the coöperation of all the readers to eliminate all waste.

The Red Cross Magazine
Garden City, New York

I have received duplicate copies of the RED CROSS MAGAZINE addressed as follows, which you have my permission to take off the list:

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WRIGLEY'S

TO THE GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND:

Insure your "military man" against thirst and fatigue. Send him some

WRIGLEY'S

Early in the War the great value of **WRIGLEY'S** was discovered by the Allied Armies. Books on the War, magazine articles and correspondence to the press, tell of its use by the allied forces—the comfort and refreshment it affords—the "pep" it inspires.

THE FLAVOR LASTS!

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The Red Cross Magazine in answering advertisements

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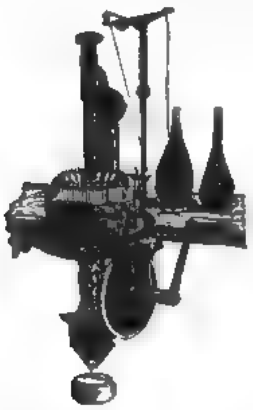

The Machine

SOCKS for our SOLDIERS

knit on our

TUTTLE MACHINE

—the most desirable machine for the purpose—

are of

SUPERIOR QUALITY

Faster than hand knitting and INFINITELY more FASCINATING. Why spend your time and waste your energy knitting by hand when this simple but durable machine will do it easily and more quickly. Correspondence invited.

The Makers

LAMB KNITTING MACHINE CO.

Chicopee Falls, Mass., U. S. A.

The Product

"MAIMIN"

Gauze and Bandage Cutter

"BABY SIX"

Every war relief workroom should be equipped with this machine. Will cut 100 yards gauze in three minutes for compresses, drains, wipes, sponges, etc., and cuts on the thread. Will cut 50 yards of muslin in three minutes for surgical dressings, wrappers, triangular, head and abdominal bandages. Will also cut pajamas, surgical shirts and sheets in large quantities. This machine is being used extensively by war relief organizations. Full information on request. Special price to recognized war relief organizations.

H. Maimin, Inc., Manufacturers, 251 W. 19th St., N. Y.

"PURO-FY"

YOUR WATER SUPPLY

For EFFICIENCY
ECONOMY
SANITATION

A Good Cool Drink of Water Makes for EFFICIENCY and SATISFIED Employees.

A Sanitary Drinking Fountain Keeps them Well and Prevents the Spread of Disease. Why not look into the proposition?

Used by hundreds of national known concerns, schools and institutions

"Once installed never replaced."

Puro Jr. in action

Ideal for Army Training Camps

Puro Sanitary Drinking Fountain Company

100 Main Street — Haydenville, Mass.

Ease your feet with a
Callous Spots
Supporting Rubber Inserts
Wizard
Arch Builder
Misplaced bones cause most foot troubles. Fallen arches cause pains in the back, thighs, legs, feet. Callouses are due to pressure from some metatarsal bone.
The Wizard
Callous Remover and Arch Builder
Give instant relief by supporting the bones in normal position with soft inserts in pockets. Adjustments easily made. Removes pressure on callouses—they disappear. NO METAL—no breaking in. Made of soft leather—flexible feather-light, feel fine. Both devices combined or separate. Ask your shoe dealer for Wizard's Book, "Orthopraxy of the Foot." FREE
WIZARD FOOT APPLIANCE CO.
1535 Locust St. — St. Louis, Mo.

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This Gift Will Please Any Man

You'll be sure of giving him just what he wants if you choose the

Boston Garter

in one of our handsome, new Christmas boxes. Any man who receives it will feel that he is greeted by an old friend in holiday dress, because every man who wears garters knows the "Boston." Beautifully colored holiday boxes (different designs) at stores everywhere, or by mail, postpaid, 25, 35, 50c.

George Frost Co.
Boston

SURGEONS GAUZE

BANDAGE CLOTHS

War relief organizations supplied

War relief organizations supplied

DELIVERED WHEN NEEDED

Ask for Samples Now

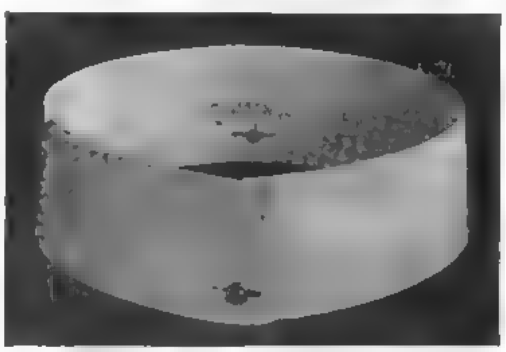
THE HARRIS COMPANY, INC.
COR. GREENE A BLEECKER STS.
NEW YORK U. S. A.

Official Service Flag Emblem

Every mother, sister, father, brother and sweetheart should wear this Badge of Honor. An exact copy of the officially authorized Service Flag, red border, white field, blue stars. (1, 2 or 3 stars.) Each star indicates one soldier, sailor, marine, nurse or other person in the war service of the country. Badge made with pin or screw back button. 14K gold plate, best quality hard enamel. Sent postpaid on receipt of 50c each. Solid gold $2.00.

U. S. SERVICE FLAG CO., 1254 Schofield Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio

Service Flags, best wool bunting, 1 to 5 stars, size 24" x 36" $2.00 each. Col. Theodore Roosevelt is flying one of these flags with 4 stars. Larger sizes, any number stars made to order, for clubs, churches or business houses



CHALLENGE CLEANABLE COLLARS

FOR OFFICERS

Laundries are scarce in camp or at the front. Every officer should be equipped with at least two Challenge Cleanable Collars and meet dress regulations without the aid of laundries. These linen-like ever white collars are sold by most dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price 30c each.

Arlington Works
E. I. duPont de Nemours & Co.
725 Broadway, New York

DU PONT

Stunning Knitting Bag 79c

This stunning Knitting Bag was made from our Outfit No. 5673, which contains:

1 Tan Crash Scarf, 18x54, Butterfly design.
8 skeins Grecian floss.
Instructions for embroidering and making bag.
1 Premium Art Book.

All for 79c postpaid

No lining is required and the lesson gives a wide range of original ideas for trimming and finishing from materials which every woman has on hand.

Send for one of these outfits today. The Premium Book which we include free shows other equally attractive scarfs to make up into bags for holiday gifts

Dealers: Write for Outfit Proposition

RICHARDSON SILK COMPANY Dept. 8000 Chicago, Ill.
Makers of Richardson's Spool and Embroidery Silks

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Over There

IN the field, the soldier carries only useful things.

Send him everything so packed that it will not leak, rust or break in his toilet-kit—by all means send him

Dr. Lyon's

For The Teeth
Powder—Cream

Seasoned campaigners prefer to carry Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder because it is packed in a sturdy can with the measuring tube that prevents waste.

Dr. Lyon's has defied all sorts of climatic conditions in our campaigns in Cuba, China and the Philippines.

You're right when you send Dr. Lyon's.

I. W. LYON & SONS, Inc.
536 West 27th Street New York City

Freeman's
FACE POWDER

Imparts to the complexion that velvety smoothness and delicate blush tint of a healthy baby's skin. Freeman's has been the delight of Fashion's devotees for more than a generation.

Always guaranteed satisfactory. Freeman's does not rub off.

At toilet counters. Mailing box for 4 cts. in stamps.

The Freeman Perfume Co., Dept. 106, Cincinnati, Ohio

25¢

NURSES' UNIFORMS

For Every Day "365" in the Year

Prominent department stores carry Maids' and Nurses' Uniforms,—the S.E.B. —Make

S. E. Bedanes Co., 64-74 W. 23d St., N. Y.

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

—Every Deaf Person Knows That

I make myself hear, after being deaf for years, with these Artificial Ear Drums. I wear them day and night. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write me and I will tell you a true story how I got deaf and how I make you hear. Address

Medicated Ear Drum

La Nov 3 1918

GEO. P. WAY, Artificial Ear Drum Co., Inc., 84 Adelaide Street, Detroit, Mich.

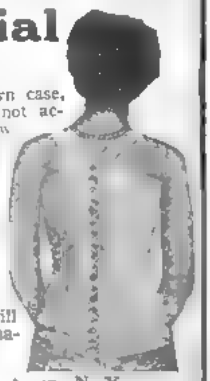
Crooked Spines Made Straight

Thousands of Remarkable Cases

An old lady, 72 years of age, who suffered for many years and was absolutely helpless, found relief with the Philo Burt Method. A man who was helpless, unable to rise from his chair, was riding horseback and playing tennis within a year. A little child, paralyzed, was playing about the house after wearing a Philo Burt Appliance 3 weeks. We have successfully treated more than 30,000 cases in the past 16 years.

30 Days' Trial
At Our Risk

We will prove its value in your own case. There is no reason why you should not accept our offer. The photograph, shows a weight, cord, pad and straps used in the Philo Burt Appliance. It relieves from the old torturous plaster, leather or steel jackets.



Every sufferer with a weakened or deformed spine owes it to himself to investigate thoroughly. Price within reach of all.

Send For Our Free Book

If you will describe the case it will aid us in giving you definite information at once.

PHILO BURT MFG. CO., X81 Odd Fellows Temple, Jamestown, N. Y.

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The Dependable Powder for Skin Irritation

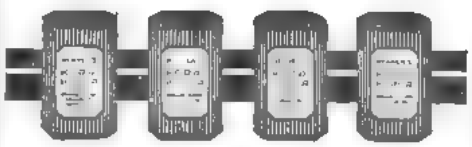
KORA-KONIA—the dependable powder—in the handy box with sifter top—gives quick First-Aid and ready relief when your skin is chafed, irritated or raw.

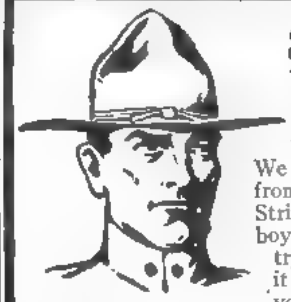
KORA-KONIA exerts a cooling, soothing, and healing influence because it is a scientific dusting powder used and recommended by Physicians for dusting on inflamed surfaces, prickly-heat, poison-ivy, rash, insect bites, burns, scalds, blistered and sore feet, needle pricked fingers and all minor cuts and scratches.

KORA-KONIA kept handy, gives you assurance of preparedness and a knowledge that you have at hand a reliable, uniformly dependable, dusting powder to aid you in keeping fit to fight.

KORA-KONIA is put up in convenient size boxes, with a sifting top. Regular size 25c. At your Druggist or postpaid.

THE HOUSE OF MENNEN
NEWARK, N. J.





Show Your Loyalty

We can't all go to the front for the Stars and Stripes, but if your boys are in the country's service you owe it to them and to yourself to fly a

Service Flag

with one or more stars, each star representing one of your dear ones in the country's service.

We offer Service Flags of guaranteed WOOL BUNTING with fast colors at very small cost.

2 x 3 ft. Service Flags	$1.50
3 x 5 ft. " "	3.00
4 x 6 ft. " "	4.05
5 x 8 ft. " "	6.15

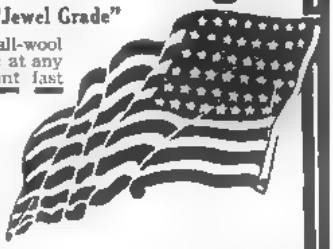
Cheaper grades from 50c up. Write for Special Flag Catalog

We also offer

American Flags

Celebrated "Jewel Grade"

Finest quality all-wool bunting ever made at any price, with brilliant fast colors guaranteed Tailor-made, at prices 20% to 33⅓% below the present market. Make your own comparisons.



3 x 5 ft. American Flags	$3.45
4 x 6 " " "	4.80
5 x 8 " " "	7.50
6 x 10 " " "	10.50

Larger sizes, up to 50 x 75 ft., at prices in proportion. Write for Special Flag Catalog

Steinfeld

celebrated for

Food Choppers, "Jewel" Refrigerators, Baby Carriages, Folding Cot Beds, Infants' and Children's Furniture, Kitchen Helps, Housewares, etc. etc.

Write for catalog desired

Steinfeld Bros.
116-120 West 32d St., New York

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THE American housewife feels instinctively that all products used in the preparation of food should come from *edible* sources. That is one reason why

MAZOLA

For General Cooking and Salad Dressings

KARO

The household syrup for every purpose

KINGSFORD'S

The World's standard corn starch for 70 years

(three pure food products from corn) are so extensively used to-day in the homes of America and in the Army and Navy.

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING CO.

17 Battery Place **NEW YORK**

Indispensable in hospital—a joy in the sick room—a bottle belongs in every kit

Eau de Cologne, the genuine old-fashioned cologne water—the only perfume that is soothing and welcome to the sick or injured. Refreshing and highly agreeable, it has none of the repugnance of heavy scents that nauseate and upset the ill or convalescent.

No. 4711 Eau de Cologne

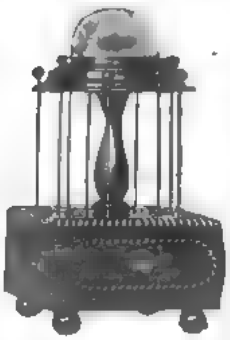
Made in U. S. A.

Sold throughout the civilized world for more than a century. No. 4711 Eau de Cologne—the genuine—can be bought by the bottle at your favorite dry goods store or druggist. For 4 cents in stamps we will send a trial sample bottle.

No. 4711 White Rose Glycerine Soap—the pure transparent soap with the luxuriant purifying lather. Has been a delight for generations. A sample cake for 2 cents in stamps.

MÜLHENS & KROPFF

Dept. 30 **25 West 45th St., N. Y.**



Do You Sew?

Our Spool Cabinet is one which is made by hand of polished mahogany, inlaid, and beautifully finished, Colonial style, of interest to all who sew, and an addition to any home.

Packed as a gift, price $3.50

We are also pleased to send our gift catalogue made up of 1000 gifts, thoughtful, modest in cost, and particularly suitable to our present-day needs. Catalogue sent free with an order Alone 6 cts. in stamps. Address

Cabinet Dept. The Pohlson Gift Shop
Pawtucket, R. I.

Get the Genuine and Avoid Waste

SAPOLIO

"The best is aye the cheapest"

The General All-Around Cleaner

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AMERICAN EXPRESS CO.
WORLD SERVICE

We Serve the War
rkers and the Army

erican Express Company has a highly efficient and
ed organization in Europe.

Military workers, officers, soldiers, ambulance corps or
this organization offers the following concrete services,
er in the United States or abroad.

either by money order, draft, telegraph or cable. Y. M. C. A.
at camps are provided with American Express Money Orders for
of soldiers.

checks abroad drawn upon the government.

unts may be opened in our Banking Department at Paris or
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each six months.

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front, or to and from any of the camps.

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eadquarters.

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American Express offices at the most favorable rates of exchange.

e American force will find excellent writing rooms, American news-
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and Glasgow.

ailed information, please inquire direct by telephone or letter at
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CAN EXPRESS COMPANY

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A Gift That Will Help

Local chapters have material in abundance, but they lack machines to keep willing workers busy. You will be doing a real service if you give a

Western Electric
Portable Sewing Machine

It is appropriate for this work—no larger than a typewriter—and can be carried home after a day's work at your local headquarters. It works faster and more easily, for electricity runs it. Your Chapter needs it *now*. Costs only $35 ($37 West of the Rockies)—less than most of the well-known makes of pedal power machines.

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY
Inc.
Gentlemen:
Please send me Booklet No. 522-RC, describing your portable electric sewing machine.

Name _____

Address _____

If your lighting company or electrical dealer cannot show you this new kind of sewing machine, write to our nearest office for booklet No. 522-RC.

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY, Inc.
New York Chicago
Kansas City San Francisco
Houses in all Principal Cities

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The
"PASSER-BY"

When the sensible man discovers—no matter how—that coffee insidiously attacks heart, nerves, and digestion—causing a host of common ills, he passes by the enticing cup and for his table beverage chooses

Instant Postum

A pure cereal food-drink containing only true nourishment and a delightful flavor.

"There's a Reason" for Postum

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Why England Uses Sanatogen so Extensively

LADY Mackworth quotes a former cabinet minister as remarking that Sanatogen is "a national necessity to preserve good nerves." For eighteen years previous to the war Sanatogen had been building up its remarkable prestige among the English people. Sir Gilbert Parker, Arnold Bennett, Hall Caine—many indeed are the leaders of British thought who have long been publicly endorsing it. . . .

Today, therefore, when national good health has become a necessity, when the sick list must be kept low and the convalescent made well in the least possible time, England knows she can place utmost reliance upon its wonderful tonic and upbuilding qualities in any emergency.

This is why such vast quantities of Sanatogen are used by the British in the convalescent hospitals at home, in the base hospitals, in the trenches—in fact, wherever the burdens and horrors of war make it necessary to preserve and restore steady nerves and build up weakened bodies.

Sanatogen Long Made in America

In this country, too, Sanatogen has the highest standing. It is endorsed not only by many prominent men—such as Colonel Henry Watterson and John Burroughs—but by thousands of physicians. The Sanatogen sold here is made in an American factory by an American Company.

Civilian and soldier alike find benefit in Sanatogen. It strengthens and sustains, it promotes fitness and recuperates after fatigue. The delicate child, the anæmic young girl; the nursing mother, the run-down business man—*all* find help in Sanatogen.

A trial will convince you—do you not owe it to your health to give Sanatogen this trial today?

* * *

"The Art of Living," a charming booklet by Richard LeGallienne, touching on Sanatogen's kindly help and giving other aids in the quest of contentment and better health, sent free on request. Address The Bauer Chemical Co., Inc., 38B Irving Place, New York City.

Good druggists everywhere sell Sanatogen—no increase in prices—in 3 sizes, $1, $1.90, and $3.60

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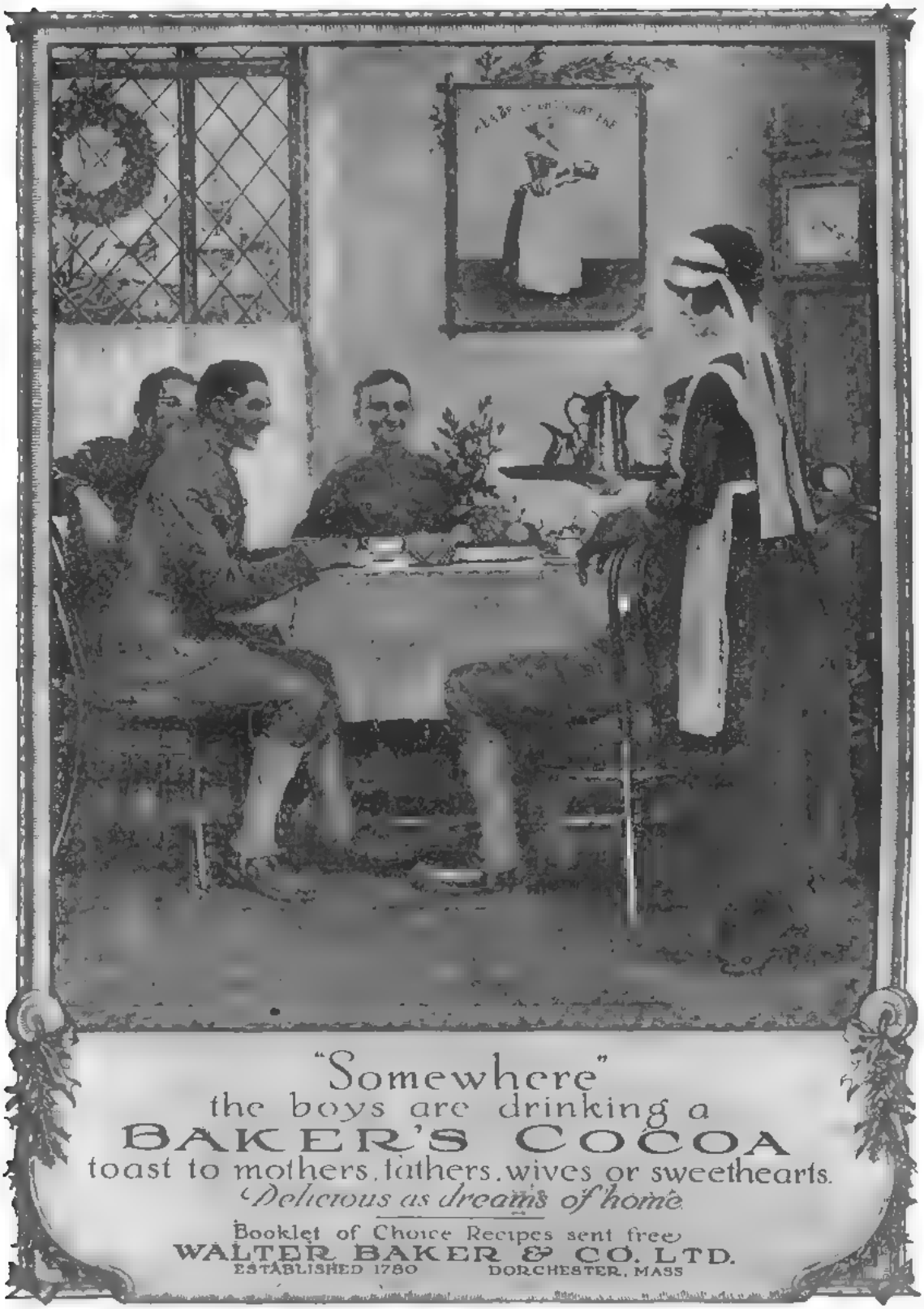
"Somewhere"
the boys are drinking a
BAKER'S COCOA
toast to mothers, fathers, wives or sweethearts.
Delicious as dreams of home
Booklet of Choice Recipes sent free
WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD.
ESTABLISHED 1780 DORCHESTER, MASS

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During Infancy and Childhood it is important but difficult to keep the bowels in order. It can be done by the continued use of

Liquid Petrolatum Squibb
Heavy (Californian)

It is pure and safe, tasteless and odorless. Because it is neither a laxative, a cathartic, nor a purgative, but a perfect mechanical lubricant, is not absorbed by the system and does not disturb digestion, it may be given indefinitely in any necessary quantity. Thus it prevents intestinal toxæmia, restores normal action of the bowels, and aids in maintaining normal nutrition. Especially valuable for young patients during the summer and autumn months.

To be had at all drug stores in original one-pint packages under the Squibb label and guaranty.

LIQUID PETROLATUM SQUIBB, Heavy (Californian) is refined under our control and solely for us only by the Standard Oil Co. *of* California, *which has no connection with any other Standard Oil Co.*

E. R. SQUIBB & SONS, NEW YORK
Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since 1858

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MONDS-WATCHES
ON CREDIT

Save Money on Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry
Costs Nothing to See and Examine Them

Send for Your Copy of Our Christmas Diamond, Watch and Jewelry Catalog

There are over 2000 photographic illustrations of Diamond Rings, Diamond LaVallieres, Diamond Ear Screws, Diamond Scarf Pins, Studs, Signet and Emblem Rings, Charms, Watches, Wrist Watches, Bracelets, Cuff Links, Brooches, Lockets, Chains, Cameo Jewelry, Silverware, Clocks, Toilet and Manicure Sets; also our wonderfully showy assembled Solitaire Diamond Clusters.

Whatever you select will be sent, all shipping charges prepaid. **You see and examine the article right in your own hands.** If satisfied, pay one-fifth of purchase price and keep it; balance divided in eight equal amounts, payable monthly.

Every article in our Catalog is specially selected and priced direct to you, with no middle-man's profits to pay. With stores in leading cities, and our extensive Mail Order House, our large purchasing power puts us in position to make prices which are impossible for small concerns to meet. No matter how far away you live you can open a charge account with us.

Any Diamond purchased from us for a Christmas present can be exchanged for other selection, at the full price paid, should the recipient desire to do so later on. With this privilege you need have no anxiety in choosing gifts.

Our diamonds are distinctive in beauty and brilliancy. A genuine Diamond is the best investment into which you can put your money. It constantly increases in value and lasts forever.

Loftis Solitaire Diamond Cluster Rings

14 Karat solid gold. Diamonds set in Platinum

92—$50
Looks like a $150 single stone. $5 down $5 a Month.
94—$75
Looks like $250 single stone $15 down, $7.50 a Month
96—$100
Looks like a $300 single stone $20 down, $10 Month
98—$125
Looks like a $350 single stone $25 down $12.50 a Month.

Look Like What They Are Intended For—A Large Single Diamond

The Handsomest and Most Showy Ring for the Least Money.

An Exceptionally Beautiful, Moderately Priced Christmas Gift

The Loftis Seven-Diamond Cluster was designed especially for those who desire a large showy ring for the least money, as it has the exact appearance of a Solitaire that would cost three or four times as much. The ring is 14-Karat solid gold. The secret of the rare beauty of this ring lies in the perfectly matched stones, all of the Diamonds being uniform in size, quality and brilliancy, mounted in platinum.

e National Credit Jewelers

t. G 57 **108 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.**

STORES IN LEADING CITIES

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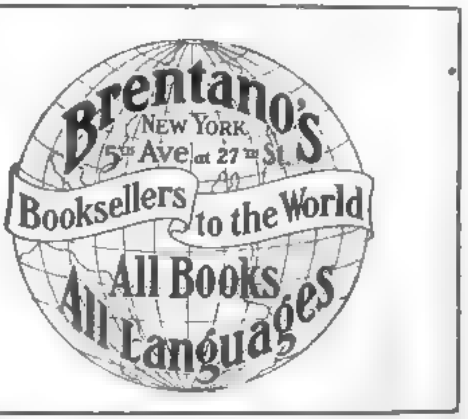

You Have Natural Ability

THERE is **one kind** of work that you can do better than any other. Your **natural ability** fits you for it. And too, you will make **more money** in this job than in any other. To fit yourself into the right job that utilizes your natural ability is a difficult task. Some men never find the right jobs. But you can get **help.**

Analysis Free We have helped thousands and will give you the same analysis free. Will tell you how to line up your natural talents with your practical experience. The analysis is free. **Write to-day** for the personal examination blank. Just send name and address. You'll be under no obligations.

American School of Correspondence
Dept. G-1619 **Chicago, U. S. A.**

Send 25 cts. for

Burham Safety Razor

Complete with 3 blades, mailed direct, if desired to soldier or sailor

Extra blades 40 cts. per dozen. This razor is guaranteed to shave equally as well as any safety razor now on the market.

Hundreds of thousands now in use by soldiers in the trenches. We refer to the British War Relief Ass'n, Inc., Stage Woman's War Relief, Trench Comfort Packets Committee, U. S. Navy League Woman's Division, Vacation War Relief Assn., British American War Relief Fund, all of N. Y. City, U. S. Navy League, Brooklyn unit.

Burham Safety Razor Co.
64-66 Murray St. **New York City**
Very liberal discounts given to war relief societies

Every Woman Who Knits
should have a Cricket Yarn Winder

Self-adjusting; always ready; a timely and practical Christmas gift. If not at your dealers, sent direct postpaid. Plain $2.50, Decorated $3.50. Specially boxed. Write for descriptive circular and directions for Red Cross knitting.
MISS LORD'S CRAFT SHOP, Erie, Penna.

TELL your friends about Red Cross Magazine.

Comfort for Mother
AND DADDY AND ME

We have a warm, comfortable, convenient sanitary odorless toilet right in the house. No going out in cold weather. Grandma thinks it a marvel. A boon to invalids. Endorsed by State Boards of Health.

ABSOLUTELY ODORLESS
Put it anywhere in the house

[illegible] process in the water is the secret. [illegible] Write for [illegible]

ROWE SANITARY MFG. CO.
1431 9th Street, Detroit, Mich.

GLOOM DISPELLER —*fills the void left by other magazines*

Chatty intimate neighborly. The unique breezy monthly that makes a [illegible] with the Service. Fits the Khaki pocket. Brimful of Good Cheer, [illegible] and laughter. Does not preach. Carries high voltage of vital encouragement, palatably disguised. Administers laughter cure in its pleasant, compact doses. Never lost a case! Nothing like it for Gloom-ills or Blue-sickness. In each issue of this Make-Joy flowers bloom, the sun shines and it sings soft breezes blow away the clouds of gloom, and a firm, strong [illegible] ful hand meets yours in friendly clasp. Radiates Christmas Spirit throughout the year. Let it carry your greetings and bring Joy and Gladness to your friend overseas. A welcome little visitor each month, and a pleasant companion on the Road to Berlin. Presentation card with first issue. $1 a year. **ARTHUR FISHER, 169 Mass. Ave., Boston.**

Print Your Own Cards, Circulars, programs, labels, books, newspapers. $6. PRESS, Larger $20. Rotary $70. Save money. Print for others, BIG PROFIT. All easy, rules sent. Write factory TODAY for catalog presses, TYPE, paper, cards etc. IT WILL PAY YOU.
THE PRESS CO. D-49, MERIDEN, CONNECTICUT

NURSES' OUTFITTING ASS'N INC.
425 Fifth Avenue at 38th Street, New York

Aprons
Bibs
Cuffs

READY TO WEAR

Colored Uniforms	*from*	**$2.35**	**Caps**	*from*	**.15**
White Uniforms	*from*	**$3.00**	**Collars**	*from*	**.15**

Surgical Gowns

ALSO MADE TO ORDER *CATALOGUE-A. H.*

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Nettleton Military Footwear—*The Accepted Standard of U. S. Army Officers*

OF all classes of Americans none is so discriminating in the choice of footwear as the experienced American Army officer. Nettleton Military Footwear Extraordinary is the choice of a large and constantly increasing percentage of regular army officers. Their example is largely responsible for Nettleton Military dress and service boots, dress and service shoes and puttees having become the accepted types for the officers of the new army.

For unmounted officers, the Nettleton line includes properly matched shoes and puttees for the march and dress wear for parade or ball room.

A suggestion to Civilians—A suitable and most useful gift to your officer—son, husband, brother or friend—is a pair or a complete set of service and dress boots or of shoes and puttees to match from the Nettleton line of Military Footwear Extraordinary. A Booklet descriptive of Nettleton Military Footwear will be mailed on request.

A mounted officer equipped with a pair of Nettleton Field Boots with shaped legs of soft leather for service and a pair of Nettleton Dress Boots with shaped legs of firm Russia calf or Cordovan is perfectly shod.

Nettleton
SYRACUSE, N.Y., U.S.A.

There is a Nettleton dealer in every large city, in the vicinity of every cantonment and in most post exchanges. A Paris representative looks after the needs of American officers on the Continent.

A. E. NETTLETON CO., SYRACUSE, N. Y., U. S. A., *Largest Manufacturers in America of Men's Fine Shoes Exclusively*

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Lift Corns out with Fingers

A few drops of Freezone applied directly upon a tender, aching corn stops the soreness at once and soon the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off with the fingers without even a twinge of pain.

Freezone

Removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Does not irritate or inflame the surrounding skin or tissue. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

Women! Keep a small bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

Small bottles can be had at any drug store in the U.S. or Canada

THE EDWARD WESLEY CO., CINCINNATI, OHIO

Washable Name Tapes "Fast as Niagara"

Hospitals, schools and institutions demand that all articles of clothing be marked. Identify yours with our tapes and do away with pen and ink smudges. Names printed in script or type. 50c per hundred names. **The best kind of clothes insurance.**

WASHABLE NAME TAPE CO., 8 Niagara St., Wlasted, Conn.

NO MONEY DOWN — 2 CREDIT ALL — $2 A MONTH

Elgin, Waltham, Howard, Illinois

or any watch you want. Easy Payments as low as Free Trial. Send for Big

FREE CATALOG

pages wonderful values. Diamonds watches, rings, jewelry, silverware, cut prices. Write for Ware Way, our free easy payment plan.

WARE DEALS SQUARE

ALFRED WARE CO., Dept. 821, St. Louis, Mo.

A POLICE DOG

for your boy

The Police Dog is the Dog of the Hour—a chum and protector for the master mistress chums. Police Dogs are extensively used as Ambulance dogs, scout dogs and messenger service on the battlefield.

Ask for Illustrated Booklet

Palisade Kennels

Box 25

East Killingly, Conn.

To Red Cross Magazine Readers:

It should hardly be necessary to call your attention to the remarkable transformation that has taken place in your magazine, beginning with the August issue, or to say to you that this transformation has involved a tremendous amount of work on the part of the Editors and the long list of writers and artists who are co-operating in this work.

The men who are making this Magazine, are continually keeping in view the great aim that has inspired them from the beginning,—to make Red Cross Magazine a real power in spreading the doctrine of the Good Samaritan and that they are building this magazine for the benefit of the greatest humanitarian Society in the world and its members.

Although there is a wonderful difference between the little pamphlet of five months ago and the present attractive publication, the improvements are suggestive of even better things to come, and in planning for the future it will be very helpful if the Editors could know just how the work that has been done is satisfying the real owners of Red Cross Magazine; namely, the members of the American Red Cross.

If you have been impressed favorably, or otherwise, with the changes that have been made, will you not write to the Editors expressing your thoughts in the matter, always keeping in mind that both criticisms and favorable comments will be welcome, for while a letter expressing approval will be encouraging a letter expressing criticism may contain some valuable suggestion.

Please address your letter to the Editors of the Red Cross Magazine, Garden City, New York. It will be given the most careful attention and consideration, and will be very much appreciated.

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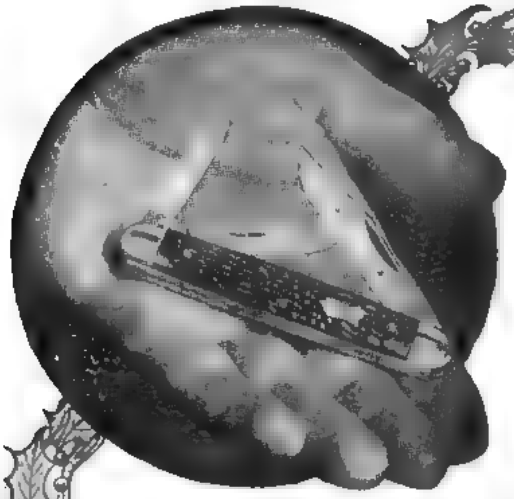

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E. C. SIMMONS KEEN KUTTER TOOLS

Usefulness

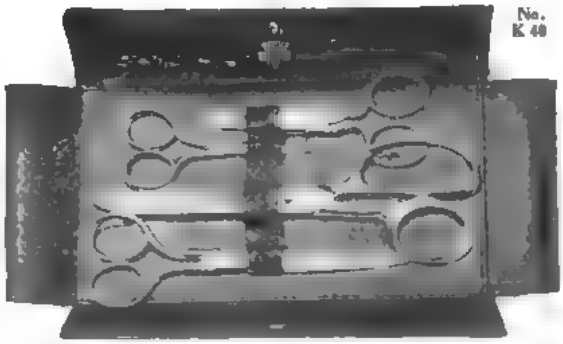
—that's the keynote of this year's Christmas buying.

And what could be more useful or pleasing to man or boy than a first-class pocket knife—a KEEN KUTTER?

Every KEEN KUTTER, regardless of its price, has blades forged from highest grade crucible steel—the kind that takes and holds sharp edges longest. And every blade hand-whetted, ready for use. Priced from 25 cents to 25 dollars.

* * *

And every woman longs for scissors that will *really cut* the entire length of the blades; scissors that stay sharp through long use. Satisfy that longing by the gift of a KEEN KUTTER Shear and Scissors Set. Then she'll really mean it when she says, "Just what I wanted most."



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SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY

Manufacturers and Distributers

St. Louis — New York
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"The recollection of QUALITY remains long after the PRICE is forgotten."
-E. C. Simmons.

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Atwood Grapefruit

Always in this wrapper

Recommended by Physicians for Rheumatism.

As to Flavor, in a Class by Itself.

Price about the same as the common variety.

THE ATWOOD GRAPE FRUIT COMPANY, MANATEE, FLA.

Get the Drop on that Cough

Stop your cough before it stops you! Save needless doctor bills.

You *can* stop the incipient cold and the heavy, rasping cough with

DEANS COUGH MENTHOLATED DROPS

They taste good—they are good for the whole family from the baby up. For seventeen years millions of users have been praising them. Get them anywhere from coast to coast.

Good for the Throat—Bad for the Cough

5¢

DEAN MEDICINE CO.
Milwaukee, Wis.

A Tickling Throat

—the cause is irritation. Irritation makes you cough, coughing leads to hoarseness and loss of voice. Soothe and relieve throat and voice with

BROWN'S Bronchial TROCHES

Promptly helpful to the vocal cords and bronchial passages. An effective and pleasant throat remedy; not a confection. Unexcelled for coughs, hoarseness and loss of voice. Before the public for over 70 years.

At all Druggists 10c, 25c, 50c, $1.

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will mail any size upon receipt of price.

Brown's Camphorated Saponaceous Dentifrice

—for protecting the soundness and beauty of the teeth, and preserving the hardness and health of the gums. A refined preparation in which quality is emphasized. 25c at druggists.

JOHN I. BROWN & SON, 144 Oliver St., Boston, Mass.

PARCHEESI

SOLD THE HOME GAME BY TOY, STATIONERY & DEPARTMENT STORES

WASHPROOF NAME TAPES

used by Cleveland Hospital Unit First in France

Names, initials, numbers, etc., in various attractive styles of lettering on any kind of even, narrow white linen tape. For marking clothing and household linen. Will not wash out. Especially useful in hospitals, boarding schools, etc. 200 tapes with name or other wording, 50c. 100 tapes with initials or numbers, 50c. SAMPLES FREE.

STERLING NAME TAPE CO., 21 Curtice St., Winsted, Conn.

Faces Made Young

Let me tell you the secret of a youthful face. Every woman who has a single facial defect should know about my

Beauty Exercises

which remove wrinkles, and crow's feet, fill up ugly hollows, give roundness to scrawny necks, clear up sallow skins and restore the charm of girlhood beauty. No creams, massage, masks, plasters, straps, vibrators, "beauty" treatments or other artificial means.

Results Guaranteed

I offer the exercises at my own risk. No woman need be disappointed. Write for my **Free Book** which tells you just what to do to make your complexion smooth and beautiful. Write to-day.

Kathryn Murray, 1278 Garland Bldg., Chicago

ALADDIN READI-CUT Houses

Eliminate Waste Save Money

Get Catalog 2500 The Aladdin Co. Bay City, Mich.

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Easier Than Cooking

To make the plain Jell-O desserts, only Jell-O and hot water are used. They are always very attractive and delicious.

For greater variety than can be secured by using the seven different fruit flavors of Jell-O, it is whipped or beaten, exactly as heavy cream is. The process is simple and easy enough, and the result is really wonderful.

Whipping more than doubles the quantity of plain Jell-O, so that when whipped it serves twice as many persons.

The attractiveness of all Jell-O dishes is one of the points which no woman will overlook. The *appeal* of such dishes is fully understood and the ease with which they are prepared is well worth considering.

The saving of time and trouble through the use of

JELL-O

for dainties of many kinds, including salads as well as desserts and kindred dishes, is alone a matter of sufficient importance to interest the housewife, the nurse, and the dietitian.

Jell-O is put up in seven pure fruit flavors: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Peach, Chocolate.

The pure fruit flavors are preserved in full strength by the air-tight waxed-paper safety bags enclosing Jell-O inside the package.

These safety bags are tightly sealed by the wonderful machines that make them, put the Jell-O in them and enclose them, filled and sealed, in cartons which bear the word Jell-O in big red letters.

The price of Jell-O is **10** cents a package at any grocer's or any general store.

10¢ a package

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD COMPANY
Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Ont.

Please mention The Red Cross Magazine in answering advertisements

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"Just As Good As New"

WOULDN'T you love to see your dining-table, buffet, piano and other furnishings of wood that make home beautiful, always bright and new looking?

Wouldn't it be fine to wipe away the marks of time and use, almost as easily as you would a film of dust?

Then do this simple, easy thing: Wring out a cloth in cold water. Put a few drops of

3-IN-ONE OIL

on it. Wipe the furniture you wish to brighten, wringing out cloth frequently. Dry and polish with a soft woolen cloth or a cheese cloth, rubbing with the grain of the wood—never in circles. This treatment obliterates scratches, finger marks and stains. It brings again the fresh, lovely gloss and shows the beautiful grain of the wood. Best results are had, however, by going over but a comparatively small surface at a time.

3-in-One oils, cleans, polishes and prevents rust. Every home should use it. It makes the finest dustless duster in the world.

Sold in all good drug, hardware, grocery, housefurnishing and general stores. 1 oz. bottle 15c.; 3 oz., 25c.; 8 oz. (½ pt.), 50c. Also in Handy Oil Cans, 3 oz., 25c. If you cannot find these cans at your dealer's, we will send one by parcel post, full of 3-in-One for 30c.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO.

165AZF Broadway, New York

Free THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO., Broadway, New York

Send me, without one cent of cost, a generous sample of 3-in-One, and the 3-in-One Dictionary, all free.

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Pictures from Home

Over there, with thousands of miles of sea and land between them and home, are Our Boys, smiling and fighting—fighting with bullets, against a dogged foe; with smiles, fighting homesickness and dread monotony.

It's a part of the nation's job to-day to keep those boys cheerful, to hold fast the bonds between camp and home, to make light hearts and smiling faces—and these things pictures can help to do—pictures of the home folks and the home doings, pictures of the neighbors, pictures that will enliven their memories of the days before the war—simple Kodak pictures, such as you can make. These can help.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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Infantile Paralysis

made it impossible for this boy to stand, so he crawled on hands and knees. Four and a half months' treatment at the McLain Sanitarium "put him on his feet." Read his parents' letter:

We are pleased and very thankful for the improvement our boy has made. When we came to the McLain Sanitarium, March 22, 1917, he crawled on his hands and knees. After four and one-half months' treatment he can stand erect and walk without crutches or braces. Will be pleased to answer letters concerning what you have done for our boy.

Mr and Mrs. Chas. D Speidel
Hanoverton, Ohio

For Crippled Children

The McLain Sanitarium is a thoroughly equipped private Institution devoted exclusively to the treatment of Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Diseases and Deformities, Hip Disease, Wry Neck, etc., especially as found in children and young adults. Our book "Deformities and Paralysis", also "Book of References," free on request.

The McLain Orthopedic Sanitarium
947 Aubert Avenue St. Louis, Mo.

Seek Relief from Rupture

Then You Can Enjoy Your Favorite Sport

THIS is made possible through the **Brooks Rupture Appliance.** Made to your individual measure. Fits perfectly—never slips. Therefore it gives complete support and permits you to enjoy any exercise not too violent. The soft Automatic Air Cushion clings closely, and always covers the ruptured spot, whatever the position of the body.

Ordered by War Department

The **Brooks Rupture Appliance** has been ordered for the past nine years by the United States Department of War. The Surgeon-General in referring to the Appliance states that the Examining Surgeons have "certified in each case that the Appliance was satisfactory." Hundreds of **Brooks Rupture Appliances** have been sold to the War Department, but never has one been returned to us as unsatisfactory.

Test at Our Risk

It will be very easy for you to obtain one of these Appliances on free trial to test its worth. If you are not entirely satisfied with it your money will be refunded and no questions asked. Write to-day for full particulars and measure blanks. Don't delay

BROOKS APPLIANCE COMPANY
Manufacturers of Orthopedical Appliances
295 State Street Marshall, Mich., U. S. A.

Grandma: Try good old Musterole

For sore muscles or lame back or for anybody's rheumatism, there is nothing quite like Musterole.

It brings quicker relief than a mustard plaster; and it makes no muss and brings no blister. You just take this clean, white ointment, made of oil of mustard, and rub it gently on the spot. Ah! What a sense of cooling, penetrating, delightful relief! First you feel a tingle, then there comes a delightful coolness that seems to penetrate 'way down. And usually the pain goes while you are using it.

There is neither bother, nor muss, nor blister, nor danger. For Musterole is simply made from oil of mustard and a few home simples. It penetrates and will not blister. Yet it will generate heat; and this disperses the congestion.

Peculiarly enough Musterole feels delightfully cool a few moments after you have applied it. Remember: as you rub it in usually the pain goes. Never be without a jar of Musterole.

Many doctors and nurses recommend Musterole. 30c and 60c jars—$2.50 hospital size.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio

BLUEBIRDS

Like to Live in Neighborhood Craft Birdhouses

For catalogue address:

The Neighborhood Craft, Locust Valley, New York

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"STEERO" CUBES

"A Cube Makes a Cup"

Should Be In Every Comfort Kit

"The Cup That Cheers"

Send a tin of "Steero" Bouillon Cubes

—To your boy in camp
—To your boy in the navy
—To your boy at the front
—To your boy in the flying corps
—To your boy driving an ambulance

A warm, wholesome stimulant—grateful and comforting.

Include "Steero" Cubes in your donations to Hospitals, Convalescent Homes, or Y. M. C. A. huts. The price is most reasonable—write to

Schieffelin & Co., 247 William St., New York. Distributors for American Kitchen Products Co.

Every Package—every Tablet of Genuine Aspirin bears

"The Bayer Cross— BAYER *Your Guarantee of Purity"*

There is
and
has been
Only One
True Aspirin

The trade-mark "Aspirin" (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.) is a guarantee that the monoaceticacidester of salicylicacid in these tablets and capsules is of the reliable Bayer manufacture.

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Just Like New!

YOU, yourself, can easily keep your furniture, woodwork, linoleum and floors, in perfect condition with Johnson's Prepared Wax. It cleans and polishes in one operation—protects and preserves varnish, adding years to its life—covers up mars and small surface scratches—and prevents checking.

A Dust-proof Furniture polish

Polish all your furniture—including the piano—with Johnson's prepared Wax. You will be surprised at the wonderful improvement. It imparts a hard, dry, glasslike polish of great beauty and durability. Johnson's Prepared Wax will quickly and permanently remove that bluish, cloudy appearance from your piano, victrola and mahogany furniture.

JOHNSON'S
Liquid and Paste
PREPARED WAX

Johnson's Prepared Wax is now made in liquid Form as well as Paste. Many people prefer the Liquid Wax as it polishes instantly with but very little rubbing—you can go over a roomful of furniture, a good sized floor, or an automobile in half-an-hour.

Johnson's Liquid Prepared Wax is exactly the same as the Paste Wax except that it is a liquid. It contains absolutely no oil, consequently does not collect or hold the dust. It never becomes soft or sticky in the hottest weather or from the heat of the body.

For Floors and Linoleums

Johnson's Liquid Prepared Wax gives just the polish and protection you need on your linoleums. It imparts a beautiful, dry polish which any housewife can easily keep in perfect condition, by simply wiping up the dust occasionally with a dry cloth. It brings out the pattern of the linoleum and preserves it.

Johnson's Prepared Wax is just as necessary around the house as soap. Keep it always on hand for polishing your Floors, Linoleum, Woodwork, Piano, Furniture, Automobile and Leather Goods.

Tell your dealer that Johnson's Prepared Wax is now made in Liquid Form and insist upon his supplying you with it.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Dept. RC12, RACINE, WIS., U. S. A.

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To Insure Motoring Safety and Lessen Their Own Risks

The Aetna Life Insurance Company, The Aetna Casualty & Surety Company and The Automobile Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn., print on their automobile policies the vital suggestion to use Tire Chains when driving on wet or slippery roads.

After their long and vast experience in handling automobile accident claims, these insurance companies inform their policy holders that Tire Chains are the only really dependable device for the prevention of skidding. Could you imagine a stronger endorsement!

Weed Tire Chains are sold by dealers everywhere for all sizes of tires with their hundred and more "fancy tread designs."

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, Incorporated
BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT, U. S. A.
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The Complete Chain Line—all types, all sizes, all finishes—from Plumbers' Safety Chain to Ships' Anchor Chain

Largest Chain Manufacturers in the World

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SHEAFFER'S

Self Filling FOUNTAIN PEN and SHARP POINT PENCIL

THE WORLD'S BEST WRITING INSTRUMENTS

There's a style to suit the taste and purse of every giver

36 E. M. 18K 1-10 Gold Filled $[illegible]

C. S. Gold Filled $3.50 B. B. Sterling $3.00

35 18K 1-10 Gold Filled $12 Same in Short

09 14K Solid Gold Band $5.00 Same in Short

01 S. C. 18K 1-10 Gold Filled Ring End $3.50

06 M. Sterling Silver $7.00

09 1-2 S. 14K Solid Gold Band $4.50 Same in Long

B. A. Sterling Silver $2.50 C. A. Gold Filled $3.00 A. B. Silver Filled $1.50

2 M without clip $2.50

2 1-2 Long or Short 1-10 Gold Filled Band $4.00 Without Clip Cap $3.00

C. C. 20 year Gold Chased $3.50 B. C. Sterling $3.00

21 18K 1-10 Gold Filled Band $3.50

No. 4 Long or Short with Clip Cap $4.25 without clip $4.00

IN selecting a Sheaffer Pen or Sharp Point Pencil for a Christmas gift, you can feel sure that it will not only meet with instant appreciation but will become doubly prized as time proves its daily usefulness and unfailing reliability. For the Sheaffer Pen does not blot nor leak and the Sharp Point Pencil is always sharp and always ready. The Gift of Gifts for Army and Navy boys.

Sold by Good Dealers Everywhere

UNDER MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

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1004 Consumers Bldg., Chicago
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